

National Parent-Teacher

The Official Magazine of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers

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In This Issue: CAN ANY GOOD COME OUT OF THE WAR? by Lyle W. Ashby • WHY HAVE FEARS? by Milton E. Kirkpatrick • WHAT DIFFERENCE MAKES A DIFFERENCE? by Bonaro W. Overstreet • THE LONG THANKSGIVING TABLE by Robert P. Tristram Coffin • WAR WEIGHS UPON CHILDREN TOO by Dorothy W. Baruch • THESE SCHOOLS ARE OURS by Paul R. Mort • FLORA McFLIMSEY HAD NOTHING TO WEAR by Clarice L. Scott

Objects OF THE NATIONAL CONGRESS OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS

To promote the welfare of children and youth in home, school, church, and community.

To raise the standards of home life.

To secure adequate laws for the care and protection of children and youth.

To bring into closer relation the home and the school that parents and teachers may cooperate intelligently in the training of the child.

To develop between educators and the general public such united efforts as will secure for every child the highest advantages in physical, mental, social, and spiritual education.



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NATIONAL PARENT-TEACHER

The Official Magazine of the National
Congress of Parents and Teachers

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*There is something in the autumn
that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and
the crimson keeping time.*

—BLISS CARMAN

The President's Message

A Harvest of Hope

WITH loved ones serving on battlefields that gird the world, and with the constant increase of self-imposed economies to meet civilian obligations for financing the war and releasing essential materials, some of us may find self-pity throwing a shadow across our full appreciation of this year's Thanksgiving Day. We have been comfortable in the past; we may be less comfortable henceforward. But perhaps this occasion will not be the usual Thanksgiving. Perhaps we shall not be concentrating our thankfulness on material things or trivial things. Perhaps our greatest gratitude will rise to heroic proportions — gratitude that we as a nation are committed to certain great spiritual truths, thankfulness that we are ready to fight for these truths and their perpetuation.

Certainly we shall be thankful that there are dollars we can give, materials we can hand over. We shall be thankful that the immemorial concepts of human brotherhood and human worth and freedom and justice are not to be ruthlessly thrown aside; that there are those who will fight and are fighting to preserve these cardinal principles of democracy. Thankful, too, we shall be for the nations who stand side by side with us in defense of our chosen way of life.

This Thanksgiving Day, moreover, is a good time for us who guide children to reexamine the things we teach them to be thankful for. Let us show them that gratitude for material things alone results in poverty of the spirit. Let us tell them it is still true that the best things in life are shared by all—the healing rays of the sun, the wonder and magic of the stars, the beauty of form and color in nature, the miracle of growing things. Let us point out that, whatever happens, they can love and be loved. And more! Let us increase the stature of our children's souls by teaching them to be grateful that they *can* serve in a war for freedom that is sure to be won. We must never tire of reminding them that they have been bequeathed a religious and political heritage that guarantees justice, tolerance, freedom, and equality of opportunity to all.

Parent-teacher associations have good cause to lift an extra prayer of gratitude this month—gratitude that they are ready with organization and personnel to give the extra service needed to insure the highest measure of security to the nation's children during the war. They may well rejoice in the companionship that is theirs, in the strength toward achievement their unity affords.

The winds of adversity that harass the world but temper and refine the quality of our gratitude and appreciation of the blessings the Creator has endowed us with. Let us not deprecate these blessings. Our sons and daughters are steering to new shores. For them and for their children new and clearer horizons will be revealed. A greater reason for Thanksgiving we could not find.

Virginia Klefys

President,

National Congress of Parents and Teachers



CAN ANY GOOD COME OUT OF THE WAR?

LYLE W.
ASHBY



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WHAT a silly subject for an article," someone will say. "Certainly some good will come out of the war! We're not in it just for our health. We wouldn't fight if we didn't think it would do some good."

This is quite true in terms of end results. But, thinking in terms of life now and here, we tend to overlook some of the things that are happening that may be beneficial immediately. Not that they excuse war, which in itself is a dirty business and a sheer waste. All of us want to do what we can to insure speedy victory. No one knows how long the war will last, but one thing is sure—we have only begun to sacrifice—in money, in conveniences and activities to which we are accustomed, and in casualties and loss of human life.

War is gruesome and hateful to most of

us Americans. But it is here. We have to make the best of it. If there are any good things that we can salvage out of our trip through the chaos we are in, then we ought by all means to salvage them. Aside from the more direct war losses, we are continually reminded of the other problems of a wartime period—separation of families, war marriages, juvenile delinquency, bad housing in war production centers (we had plenty of that in peacetime), high taxes, high prices, and many others. These problems are real, and there are plenty of them. But perhaps now is a good time to canvass the other side of the ledger and make a rough inventory of the good things that are coming out of the war now—and of others that can come later because of the war.

Health.—We may come out of the war a stronger people. The war is underscoring the need of health for the entire population—civilian producers as well as men in uniform. We are placing a new emphasis upon physical fitness both in school and out. Anyone familiar with the diets for the armed forces both at home and abroad knows that these diets are excellent. Since we are giving our men at the fighting front the best food obtainable, some of the foods that we civilians have been accustomed to are no longer to be had. Salmon is an example; so are the fancy cuts of meat. Despite the scarcity or absence of certain items for civilian use, however, there is plenty of food. The scarcity of a few items, coupled with rising prices, has forced the average family to take greater care in the selection of food. This is all to the good. We're eating for health now. The garbage man's work is lighter. We're not giving so many parties, and those we do give are more sensible where food is concerned.

The findings of the selective service examinations with regard to the physical fitness of our young men for military service have been disappointing. In one group of about 120 men, approximately sixty were rejected.

Now physical unfitness so widespread as this in a nation as wealthy as ours is inexcusable. We have had plenty of food. We have had the medical resources we needed. We could have had the education, housing, and recreation we needed. There wasn't anything lacking except enough common sense, hard work, and unselfishness to make these things available to all the people and to distribute them universally.

The Simple Life.—The war is bringing us to more sensible ways of living in many respects. Civilians can't drive a hundred miles away to spend every week-end. Gasoline and rubber rationing have seen to that. Besides, some of our jalopies are getting into the condition of the notorious one-hoss shay, although with the limited



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SINCE the attack on Pearl Harbor nearly a year ago, the American people have had ample time and opportunity to realize that war, distressing as it is in most of its aspects, may actually result in a number of things that in their very nature are not bad but good. There is comfort in this realization. There is inspiration as well as comfort in this article, whose author interprets with unusual insight the brighter side of the contemporary scene.

amount of exercise we can give them they, too, may last the fabled hundred years and a day. So we stay at home and get better acquainted with our families, learning once again to play simple games, finding out that one positively does not have to spend money in order to have a good time. Or—Eureka!—we discover that we still have legs—the evolutionary process hastened by constant sitting and riding hasn't quite made the grade toward elimination of our pedal extremities. It's amazing, but we find we can walk a few blocks to the store or the movie or a friend's house.

We are learning to take care of what we have. The prodigal waste of the fat years is gone. The paper clips, the pins, and the rubber bands that invariably found their way into the wastebaskets of both homes and offices in days of yore are now carefully picked up and treasured. So with rags,

paper, and almost everything else. Verily, an era of Franklinesque thrift is with us again. Since we can't have new cars and other gadgets for a time, we're probably going to find out that we can get along without them. One thing is sure—we'll appreciate the luxuries of tomorrow because we have had to go without them for a time.

Cooperation.—This war is giving us back the spirit of working together as we haven't had it recently. A year ago we couldn't be bothered to team up with our neighbors to go back and forth to work. The air raid warden service has made neighbors better acquainted than has any single activity they have engaged in for a generation. Of course, there have been disagreements in the war effort—between labor and management, between government and industry—but on the whole the nation is working together as a great team.

Taking the Long View

FOR EXAMPLE, the war has already rid us for the most part, at least for the duration, of one of the great problems we were unable or unwilling to solve in peacetime—unemployment. In peacetime we simply couldn't or didn't work ourselves up to the fighting pitch necessary for the solution of the problem of a man out of a job in a world he couldn't understand. Unemployment is gone now. The ghost walks regularly throughout the land. The national income has been trebled since the bottom of the depression and doubled in the past few years. Once again the "Help Wanted" signs have appeared and the want ad sections are filled with pleas for workers.

While it's nice to have the bread baskets and the pay checks filled now, we'd better get one thing firmly fixed in our minds. *Technological progress is being greatly accelerated by the war effort.* Production per man hour is going up with increasing tempo. What that will mean after the war is something to conjure with. We must go to war against unemployment the minute the war with Hitler and Co. is won, *but with plans already developed.* We can lick Hitler's gang and we're determined to do it. We can also lick the unemployment problem when it comes to us after the war—if we will. True, the experts tell us there will be a tremendous backlog of demand for consumer goods. This will undoubtedly be of great assistance in the transition from a wartime to a peacetime economy. But let's try to work the thing out so that, instead of having a grand fling followed by a terrific hangover in the form of a ten-year depression as we did after World War I, we shall have a program of steady progress toward better homes and better living.

With One Unaltered Purpose

PURPOSEFULNESS is the order of the day with nearly everyone now. The aimlessness and the carelessness of other times are out. Every man, woman, and child of us can find and is finding ways to help in the great struggle. There is a cause—a common cause, a majestic cause involving not only our own nation but all the free peoples of the globe. It is certain that young people are taking education much more seriously today than ever before. They are seeking to complete their high school and college education before being called into the service. And they mean business. The boy studying mathematics, for example, knows that he may be in the service before the war is over. He may be a bombardier, a navigator, or an anti-aircraft operator. He knows that when that time comes it won't be enough just to get by; one mistake will be one too many. Never before in the history of the American schools was so much earnest and purposeful studying going on.

Progress.—Without question, the war is going to catapult us from the earth to the air. My mother will rate this as a decidedly questionable result, but most assuredly we are the last earth-bound generation. The world of tomorrow will be incomprehensibly smaller—Berlin today is only eighty minutes from London by bomber. Practically all transportation will be off the ground. The air train, with freight or passenger cars being detached at the speed of 300 miles per hour, will become commonplace in cross country business. For short hauls and personal flying the helicopter plane of practical utility is just around the corner. Aviation is the great industry of the war and will be the great industry of the peace, playing much the same role that the automobile played a generation ago—but in a far greater field. It will put all the world at our feet, or, rather, below our wings. Ever-increasing numbers of us will know the world from pole to pole.

Education.—Perhaps we shall come out of this war a better educated people, despite the very hard years that lie ahead for our schools because of the need of public funds for the war effort. The amount of functional illiteracy revealed recently is appalling. Selective service data showed that up to May 28, 1942, at least fifteen divisions of men who were physically acceptable had not even a fourth-grade education. According to Army authorities, a person without at least this much education cannot perform adequately the duties of the soldier in modern war. The number of men thus handicapped has been variously estimated at from 150,000 to a half million. Almost simultaneously the 1940 census figures revealed

that thirteen and five-tenths per cent of the adult population twenty-five years of age or above had a fourth-grade education or less.

World War I revealed that twenty-five per cent of the men examined for the draft were illiterate. It is extremely unfortunate that the nation did not at that time accept the recommendations of those concerned with education to see to it that illiteracy was blotted out. This nation should provide a decent educational opportunity to every child, regardless of where that child lives. To help bring this about, there is now a bill (S. 1313) before the United States Senate, sponsored by Senator Thomas of Utah and Senator Hill of Alabama. The bill provides for funds to be distributed among the states, first, in terms of their ability to pay for schools, and, second, in terms of the educational load they each have to carry.

We Are Making Progress

THIS BILL deserves the support of thinking people in every state, whether their state would profit directly from the bill or not. There are a few states that would not, because it is the purpose of the bill to put the money into those sections of the country where the need is greatest. Some states spend five or six times as much per child in school as others, and with much less effort. But it is still the concern of the wealthy state that there be effective schools everywhere. The fact that hundreds of thousands of illiterates are found in some of the wealthy states, where there are good schools, is to be explained only by the migration of these people from the poorer states, where they had neither an educational nor an economic opportunity. Some people have the mistaken notion that all of our illiterates are colored or foreign born, but here are the 1940 census facts: 4,200,000 are native-born whites; 3,100,100 are foreign-born whites; 2,700,000 are Negroes.

War calls for educated citizens. We were not willing to provide effective universal education for peacetime. So now we have a problem on our hands—the problem presented by millions of functionally illiterate persons at a time when the need for intelligence and skill is desperate. As a nation, we have not taken education seriously. Perhaps the war will awaken the nation on this issue. In some of our states the average salary of all the teachers and principals is only ten or eleven dollars a week for the fifty-two weeks of the year. These teachers and principals are leaving rapidly for war industries. Some of them were not too well trained for their tasks, but those who take their places will be even less well trained. A few million dollars spent by the Federal Government would help greatly.

Toward One Enduring Goal

THE WAR has given us a new sense of the meaning of liberty. No longer do we take freedom for granted. Finally and with finality we realize that the peoples in one part of the globe cannot be free unless the peoples in all other parts of the earth are also free. Our failure to learn this from World War I was perhaps the biggest flunking of the biggest lesson in all history. We were not equal to the idea that it made some difference to us what the rest of the world thought and did. At long last it now seems probable that the people of the United States have learned that we've got to take a part in the affairs of our neighborhood—which is the world. Liberty is like the air we breathe; it can't be confined to one area of the earth.

We need not fear that this war will have been fought in vain if we are willing to put as much energy, intelligence, and unselfishness into winning the peace as we are putting into winning the war. Not that the millennium will follow this war. It won't. The problems of the world are too complex and baffling. But we may expect a powerful stride in the direction of a better-organized world after the war.

Democracy.—Certainly we must not expect, if our side wins the war, to force all the rest of the world to live our way. As Everett Clinchy said recently, "We are fighting this war to make the world safe for differences." These differences can enrich us. We must not let them crucify us. But we can expect, and we must insist upon, a world police power—democratically organized—that will prevent the development again of powerful forces of tyranny like those we have permitted to grow in recent years.

Spiritual Values.—War is bringing us closer to the ultimate values of life. It has brought us into close touch with the meaning of life itself. There are few of us who do not have friends or relatives, if not immediate members of our families, in the armed forces. We want them all back in safety; but we realize with a lump in our throats and a dread in our hearts that not all of them will come back. Will those who are taken have lived less than those who by the turn of fate were not on the fighting front? In years, yes; but most assuredly not in useful accomplishment. Sailors on the seas today say that there are no atheists on board when the white menacing wake of an enemy torpedo is seen heading toward ship. Fascist power is the torpedo that has been sent against the ship we are all in—the great ship of human freedom. Most of us realize more keenly than ever before our dependence upon something greater than ourselves.

Why



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Have Fears?

MILTON E. KIRKPATRICK, M.D.

FEARS are quite natural—we all have them. In many instances they have protective and educational value. For example, fear of traffic develops judgment and respect for traffic control. An adult, however, should not be so fearful of traffic that he needs a companion to help him cross a street. Fear of loss of health should develop a normal concern for the maintenance of good physical and mental hygiene, but it should not be carried to extremes. I know a man who has always in his pockets a supply of clean handkerchiefs, with which he carefully covers doorknobs before touching them. Such an exaggerated fear of germs and dirt is abnormal.

Nature's laws cannot often be disregarded without disastrous results, and fear may serve to develop a wholesome respect for danger that threatens security or health. But it can become unreasonable. Fear can come to occupy such a prominent place in a person's life that he can scarcely think of anything else—with the natural result that he is almost completely incapacitated.

Fear is of two kinds. The first is the fear of impending danger; this may be called a real fear. Any human being is afraid when his life or safety is actually threatened.

The second type of fear may be called neurotic fear. Who has not been faintly amused, often to the point of ridicule, at some person who is afraid of rabbits, of cats, of birds, of darkness, of closed spaces, or of crossing a street? Yet these fears are genuine, related to peculiarities of the individual personality that have their basis in incidents of early childhood.

A fear may be a substitute for an emotionally untenable situation. I know a young man whose fear of going out of the house is the result of refusal to leave his mother. After long treatment he still refuses to recognize the strength of this emotional tie. A fear may be associated with an

unpleasant experience; for example, a child who is afraid of dogs is often a child who has been severely frightened by a dog.

The Baby Meets With Fear

IT HAS been stated by one of our foremost authorities that there is no evidence of any such thing in small children as instinctive awareness of an external threat. If this is true, children are not born with the capacity for fear; they acquire it through their childhood experiences. The same authority has further stated that there are three types of fear that are so common in childhood as to be almost normal. These are the fear of being alone, the fear of strangeness, and the fear of darkness. Each is probably associated with the threat to his security felt by the child in the absence of his mother.

Parents and teachers give relatively little thought to the importance of conditioning experiences in early life. It is an almost universal observation that an infant can be "spoiled" at a very early age; frequently the newborn infant will cry unless he is held in someone's arms and subjected to frequent rhythmic movement. But persons who believe that a baby should never be cuddled neglect to consider the fact that for nine months prior to his birth the baby has had support on all sides of his body and has been accustomed to frequent movement. Being born is a new experience to him, and a terrible one. We cannot expect him to enjoy lying on a hard mattress, with pressure on only one part of his body; neither can we expect him to adapt himself readily to a situation in which there is no movement. His expression of his natural needs often results in the idea that he is "cross" or "spoiled."

It is quite normal to feel some fear of a completely strange situation; for instance, even an adult may be fearful when stranded without funds in a strange city. It is natural for an infant to be afraid when he is thrust unceremoniously

THIS article on children's fears and how to combat them is the third in the pre-school study course, "Babies in Wartime."

into the arms of a person he has never seen before.

The fear of darkness is so common in small children as to be almost normal. There is no harm in leaving a small night lamp in the room until the child falls asleep, or in allowing him to take a doll or some other cherished plaything to bed.

Fears That Persist

SOMETIMES, to be sure, these things become so extremely important to the child that he is unable to rid himself of the resulting behavior pattern, which may follow him into adulthood. A young woman who consulted me several years ago, after the preliminary statement that she was engaged to be married, broke down and wept. She said that she was afraid to go to bed without the rag doll that she had kept on her pillow ever since she was a child. She roomed alone at college because she did not want this habit discovered. Now she was certain that after marriage she would be subject to ridicule from her husband.

This, to be sure, is an extreme case; but the persistence of infantile traits in adult life is quite common. Childish and unreasonable temper tantrums in an adult are usually evidence of some infantile emotional "holdover."



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I have previously implied that fear is not an instinctive reaction of children. It naturally follows, then, that children acquire fear by emotional contagion. Where is the parent who has not used the following words in child training: good, bad, clean, dirty, right, wrong, do, don't, hurt? Yet we cannot expect a child to appreciate the significance of the word "dirty" or the ethical connotations of the terms "right" and "wrong." The only thing he understands is that some behavior produces parental displeasure while other behavior is acceptable. He cannot understand the reasons why.

Perhaps no problem is so disconcerting to mothers as that of sex play in children. The fact that the subject is talked about relatively little does not indicate a lack of prevalence. The common method of handling sex play is an attempt to frighten the child in the hope that he will desist. This invariably produces fear, as well as other distortions of personality that may persist for a long time. All parents should be informed concerning the normal development of the sexual impulse.

Fear Has Its Sequels

THE VALUE of "good" behavior controlled by fear is highly questionable. The number of laws under which we live and the legal machinery set up to enforce them are an indictment of our civilization. We have all unwittingly contributed to the development of apprehensive attitudes in children. Many children have been taught that Santa Claus remembers only good children at Christmas or that if they are "bad" the "bogeyman" will get them. It is an everlasting challenge to parents to develop in their children acceptable social habits that are acquired for their own sake and not because of the fear of punishment.

I doubt whether many parents realize the significance of one very common fear in adolescent children. It is the fear of inadequacy—the fear that they will not "make good" or will not realize their parents' ambitions for them. A certain amount of ambition for one's children is normal and healthy. But when it is carried to the point where the child has no opportunity to live his own life, choose his own friends, or select his own vocation, it becomes a destructive influence.

Fear of failure is the first step in the direction of failure. One of the best examples of this is afforded by the problem of stuttering. When something happens to a child's speech, it is safe to assume that the relationship between the child and some important person or persons in his environment is not healthy. Speech defects are always due to multiple factors, but many have

noticed their association with problems of left-handedness and righthandedness. The parent or the teacher attempts to direct the child in the use of his right hand. Nature tells the child that this is awkward and difficult and that his left hand is much better adapted to the purpose. Confusion results, and the child does not know what to do. It is easy to carry this difficulty over into the realm of speech, as there is already a conflict between his parents' direction and the child's muscular impulses. It becomes difficult, accordingly, for him to express himself. His parents attempt to help him, and the more everyone tries the more difficult his speech becomes. As a child matures, gains more confidence in himself, and emancipates himself from parental domination, his stuttering is apt to disappear.

No one ever overcame a fear through being subjected to ridicule. In fact, this is about the worst thing that can happen to a child. There is considerable value in being able to share a child's fear with him, or at least to accept his fear on a factual basis. He will then be able to talk about it quite honestly; this will help him adjust to it.

A medical officer in the Army was recently commenting on the number of soldiers who presented various complaints that had no apparent physical basis. He stated, "I'm no psychiatrist, and I don't know exactly what to do. I put my hand on the boy's shoulder and say to him, 'Son, I know what's the matter with you. You're scared to death. Well, so am I, but we all have to carry on. I can't afford to quit now and neither can you, so pull up your socks and go back to your outfit and do your job.'" I suspect that this medical officer was a better psychiatrist than he thought. He was able to recognize real fear in the soldier and to admit his own fear.

Fear and the World Crisis

HAS THERE ever been a time in history when so many people in all parts of the world have been beset with fears of varying degrees of severity? Those in occupied countries in Europe fear the disruption of their families and the loss of their home, their liberty, and their lives. The soldier fears his enemy. The food hoarder fears the loss of his sustenance. It is extremely important that parents, teachers, and all others associated with young children appreciate the significance of fear as a symptom and develop an understanding of ways and means of handling the problems involved in it. Mental health in adult life may be entirely dependent upon the ability developed in childhood to face life's problems.

So much has been said on the subject of morale that I hesitate to mention it. I do so only for the

purpose of strengthening the points I have already tried to make. Where could we find better examples of real threats to life and security than in England? In the face of a threat that develops fear, such as the threat of bombing, a person may react in three different ways. He may become panic-stricken and completely unable to do anything. He may become demoralized and "run around in circles." Or he may be able to make an adequate response to the emergency.

It is said that in England the fear of bombing has produced a more pronounced emotional reaction than has the bombing itself. The evidence all points to the fact that children become more upset at being separated from their parents and their homes than at being subjected to a bombing. During September 1939, 6,700 children were evacuated from the Cambridge area. Within the first month half of them returned to their homes. The three principal reasons for their return were the closeness of family ties, the dissatisfaction of the parents with foster homes, and the additional financial burden resulting from foster home care. Evidently the children's need for protection and security with their parents bears small relation to what their parents are able to do for them.

Children possess unusual powers of adaptation when they are secure with their parents. A story is told of an English mother who gave her two boys money to go to the movies. Later the city was bombed, and when she went to look for her children she discovered the theatre completely demolished. The boys could not be found. Later that night, while neighbors were trying to comfort the bereaved mother, the boys came home. They accounted for their disappearance as follows: "We were in the movie and it got bombed and we crawled out and we had some money left, so we went to another show." The importance of maintaining family ties and developing security in children can scarcely be overestimated.

Our children are going to need all the strength and courage we can give them. As parents, one of the most important responsibilities we have at the moment is the strengthening of family ties. A parent should never become so preoccupied with volunteer service of any kind that family responsibilities are neglected.

It is true that to some extent our daily lives are disrupted by the war. But it is essential that the nation act as a unit, and life will be much easier for all of us if we think in terms of responsibility and not of privilege. We cannot escape our obligation to teach our children to meet life in terms of reality instead of indulging in fantasies, wishes, and fears. In order to do this, we must ourselves attain a degree of emotional maturity that will make for stability in our lives.

QUALITY PEOPLE FOR A FREE SOCIETY



© Ewing Galloway

What Difference Makes a Difference?

BONARO W. OVERSTREET

ACROSS the aisle from me in the subway train sat a man who might have been any of ten million average men. I noticed him only because he was in front of my eyes. There was no positive reason to look at him twice.

Not at his clothes, certainly. His suit was the kind a man buys because the time has come to buy a suit. If, now, it had a mildly unpressed look, that simply made him fit all the more neutrally into a subway crowd soggy with July heat.

There was scarcely more reason to look at his face. It was just a crowd-face that was, so to speak, taking time out from experience—the kind of face endlessly multiplied where jostled humans go from home to work and home again, not expecting to see or feel much along the way.

At Seventy-Second Street more people crowded in, to join those already swaying in the aisle. Now all I could see of the man was his face, absurdly framed by the crook of another man's elbow. I saw him take a neutral uninterested look

at the new passengers, among them a stubby, shabby little old woman trying to rearrange three lumpy string-tied bundles so that she could reach for a strap almost beyond her reach. Something happened, suddenly, to the man's face; his passive eyes became active, and a smile made warm wrinkles around them. With quick courtesy he yielded his seat to the woman.

Now I looked at him because I wanted to; because I was putting an unspoken question to him: "I've never seen you before. What do I know about you?"

What did I know about him? One thing: that he had a habit of common friendliness; that not even subway inertia could prevent his feeling another's inconvenience. I knew his friendliness was not that of calculating expediency; in this subway situation he had nothing to gain. Besides, there was his smile—and those quick wrinkles around his eyes. The poet Robinson has said of a certain man, "The story of the world was in his wrin-

kles." In this man's wrinkles there was, if not the story of the world, at least the story of many small generosityes.

If we wanted to weigh this man as part of the human stuff out of which a free society is to be made, how important would my skimpy knowledge of him be?

Or put it this way: Suppose that, without ever having seen him in action, I had been told about him in terms of those prepared labels with which we catalogue people—had been told, perhaps, that he was a clerk, a Protestant, a Republican, a native of Oregon, a graduate of a two-year business college, and the father of two children. If we put all these factual items into one side of the scale and into the other the one scrap of information my own eyes had yielded me, which would weigh the most?

Personally I would have no doubt: Far heavier than all the biographical data, in the scale by which free men are measured, would be the one fact that he had spontaneously inconvenienced himself for the comfort of an unimportant-looking stranger.

The Substructure of Quality

DOES THAT mean this man could, without further delay, be called a quality person for a free society? Not necessarily. He might lack any number of traits we would want in the democratic thoroughbred. He might, for example, be a routinier—one of the multitude who never exert the slightest creative influence upon the changes of a changing world. He looked as if he would, for the most part, say and do expected things in expected ways, without the nuances and precisions of the person who has looked at life keenly enough to have made an individual appraisal of it.

But what this man had was that *without which* all other marks of quality lose their democratic worth. He had the power to feel, as it were, in his own muscles the awkward discomfort of another person's situation—and the will to bestir himself to do what was called for.

This is basic. Not enough. But basic. For not alertness of mind or sharp accuracy of phrase; not any practiced grace or sense of style; not ingenuity about the future or even zeal in a good cause can make a fit member of a free society out of a person who regards other people with hard eyes; who sees them inconvenienced and, with no change of expression, looks away; who calculatingly distinguishes between the important and the unimportant among his human fellows.

Our religion has taught us to say, "... seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;

and all these things shall be added unto you." For democracy, likewise, there is a kind of *sine qua non*—an indispensable, a quality without which all other qualities ring hollow. For democracy, this *sine qua non* is a certain attitude toward people—an attitude that might be called *inclusive*, as against *exclusive*. In any situation, large or small, wherein other people are involved, this attitude requires that we include them in all our considerations.

Here is, for a free society, a law as all-pervasive as the law of gravitation is for the physical universe. Just as the law of gravitation applies equally to a small falling apple and a distant orbit-bound planet, so the *law of democratic inclusion* has to be all-embracing. Or, to put it negatively, the same law that forbids our indulging in smartly sarcastic remarks that make another person look like a fool forbids our exerting pressure on Congress to favor our special interests against the equally legitimate interests of others.

Given this sense of inclusiveness in a person, all the other traits we call "quality" or "first-rate" may, in greater or lesser degree, be added. But without this, all the other traits may mark, not the democrat, but the snob—even the power-hungry fanatic.

Seeing Life Whole

WE HAVE been accustomed to think of ordinary social behavior as one thing and political behavior as something else. But we are being rudely jolted, now, into awareness that the two are one.

Something happened to us when we began realizing—thanks to Hitler and his fellows—that dictatorship is a political philosophy that controls and distorts the smallest everyday relationships between man and man. It requires some members of society to be actively cruel to others. It allows some to make arrogant claim to being "chosen." It breaks down society's foundation structure of truth speaking and truth seeking. It gives horrible sanction to selfishness, arrogance, brute force, convenient lying.

These traits are not unknown, certainly, within our own country—and our own characters. But what Hitler has forced us to do is to see their full logical consequences—so that we can condone them no longer. The world situation—which newspaper headlines describe in terms of millions of men and billions of dollars—is forcing us to pass critical judgment upon the smallest of our daily behaviors; is making us see as antidemocratic that which hitherto we have called simply boorish or ill bred.

The other day, for example, I was in a depart-

ment store elevator. Just as the door was closing, two hurrying customers appeared. Obliging, the operator reopened the door to let them in—and I couldn't help noticing that, while one of them smiled gratefully and said "Thanks," the other barged in with never so much as a look toward the operator. Good manners in the one case? Bad manners in the other? Yes—but more: good manners and bad manners for a democracy.

I recall, too, a recent ordinary street incident. A middle-aged couple were crossing at an intersection, the traffic lights in their favor. Down the street came two cars, the one slowing to an easy stop, the other dashing up as if it were going to ignore the red light and then stopping with a squeal of brakes—after the pedestrians had already been startled into rabbit-jumping from its path. I glanced at the driver—and he was laughing, pleased with having made the man and woman look absurd. A bad-mannered vulgarian? That, certainly—but dangerously more than that: a person whose attitude toward people we are learning to recognize as compatible with dictatorship, incompatible with democracy.

Not by any comfortable self-deception can we longer avoid seeing that a society, to be wholesome, has to be whole. The relationship between man and man declared in its foundation documents has to be confirmed in the daily behaviors of its people.

This means, perhaps, that the most important test we can put to ourselves, as members of a free society, is simply this: How do other people act when we are around?

Would the shy person rather keep still than risk our cutting retorts? Does the argumentative person become, with us, more unreasonably belligerent than usual? Does the young person check his enthusiasms, when we appear on the scene, rather than listen to our inevitable ponderous deploing of the impracticality of youth? Does the old person become, suddenly, older and more fumbling because of our obvious impatience? Does the woman in the made-over dress grow awkward under our cool scrutiny?

What people are in our presence is as truly a comment upon us as upon them. They can try to say what is on their minds—if they can count upon our trying to understand. They can be interesting—if we are interested. They can stop being wary—if they know we will cherish their self-respect as we would our own.

Here we come to a point, I think, where we can try to define quality traits. Are they not those traits in a person that encourage other people to show forth the best that is in them?

We can include a good deal under that definition. We can include, for example, a bedrock

character trait like dependability. For which of us can be at his best with the undependable person—the person of erratic moods, unfulfilled promises, two-faced talk? We can include, likewise, such cultivated social graces as ease in conversation, ability to enter a room without awkwardness, skill in so introducing two strangers to each other that they appear to their best advantage in the moment of meeting. These are not self-centered graces. They contribute mightily to the common comfort—help to create situations in which embarrassment is reduced to a minimum and people's mutual interest is raised to a stimulating maximum.

The Democratic Aristocrat Defined

THERE ARE dependable people who, for all their good intentions, lack gracious skill—who could not, for example, if their life depended upon it, rescue a shy friend from the tragedy of having made himself conspicuous.

There are people letter-perfect in etiquette whose hard-eyed correctness simply makes other people feel clumsy.

Neither of these types—not even the solidly dependable—will fill the bill as a quality person for a free society. Here is what we have to mean, I think, by the democratic aristocrat: the person whose whole physical, emotional, and mental equipment is polished for expert performance in all the human situations that a free society provides; and who means by "expert performance" performance that brings people nearer to mutual understanding, that invites them into truth seeking and truth upholding, that encourages them to try out the shy best in themselves, that companions with them in their efforts to tap the wisdom of the past and to shape a more generous future. A free society proves its case, beyond all need of argument, if it multiplies these individuals who, dependably and expertly, can invite others and yet others into the experiences that go with freedom.

This is what I thought of as I took a final look at the man in the subway. Whatever his shortcomings, I knew this about him: His face had lighted up with warm responsiveness to a stranger; and he had yielded his seat to that stranger with a certain courtesy that had made her feel less old and shabby, that had put a little pleased surprise into her eyes. He might be unfinished by many of the standards of the "quality person." But he was on the way. He had the *sine qua non*: that upon which all other democratic excellences can be built; that without which no excellences can be democratic. Because of him, the goal of democratic aristocracy was brought nearer.

Notes from the Newsfront

Soldiers' Candy.—The president of the National Confectioners' Association, speaking recently before a gathering of midwestern candy manufacturers, said: "It is apparent that an increasing proportion of the available supply of candy will be furnished to men in uniform." The civilian who has an insistent "sweet tooth" is advised to begin now to satisfy it with other commodities, such as fruit and honey.

How Rubber Got Its Name.—Now that the accent is on rubber to such an unprecedented extent, it is interesting to know how the substance got its name. When the first samples were brought to Priestley, the British scientist, he discovered that rubbing them over a pencil mark would erase it; accordingly, he named the new product "rubber."

Jobs.—An all-time peak of employment in nonagricultural work has been reported by Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor. Nearly thirty-eight million persons are now gainfully employed. The increase is most noticeable in manufacturing; in Federal, state, and local governmental agencies; in building construction; and in transportation and facilities.

Rumors.—The danger of subversive rumors, which are too often passed on quite innocently by persons who do not know their source, is causing great concern to the national authorities. A special new service, exposing the methods used by the enemy to spread propaganda among the civilian population and those engaged in defense work, has been set up by the Office of War Information.

Fat Salvage.—The need of fat saved after ordinary kitchen use may become so acute that unless it is supplied there will eventually be a national soap shortage. The war has ended, almost entirely, the bringing in of oils and fats from the Far East. A still more urgent need connected with fat salvage is the need of the armed services for glycerine, which is essential to making explosives. All housewives are urged to cooperate without interruption in this important work. It is easy to strain and save fat that has been used for cooking and to turn it in at the nearest meat market, which will gladly pay for it.

Nurses Needed.—Three thousand nurses every month are leaving civilian life for active war service. Nurses to replace them in civilian hospitals are needed at once. Some shortage is inevitable while the war lasts. Girls are urged to consider beginning the three-year course of training, and retired nurses are asked to go back on active duty.

Discoverer.—The first person who succeeded in putting up food in tin cans and preserving it in that way was a small business man, a French confectioner. Napoleon, whose army was in dire need of packaged foodstuffs that would keep, gave him a prize of twelve thousand francs.

Thumbs Down.—Homemakers are urged by the Government *not* to stock emergency food shelves. It is pointed out that to do so will increase shortages that are already in danger of becoming serious. In case of real emergency, a general stock of food under the control of some central agency would have far greater value.

Telephone Service.—It is vitally important to keep the lines of communication as clear as possible. Unnecessary use of the telephone may prevent the sending of a really important message. Adolescent boys and girls, it is suggested, can do much to promote this information and the corresponding patriotic attitude among their friends.

Bunny Masks.—The gas masks prepared for young children in Hawaii consist of an outer sack of porous wool or flannel and an inner sack of lighter material treated with paraffin to make it airtight. A flexible, transparent window is provided to enable the baby to see and keep him from being frightened, and two engaging "rabbit ears" to win him to use of the mask. The high school girls of Honolulu have helped to make these masks, and many of the flexible windowpanes have been made of exposed x-ray films donated by local hospitals. These films, after they have been washed clear with acid, lend themselves admirably to the purpose.

Coffee.—Now that coffee is no longer plentiful, emphasis is being laid by home economics experts on its conservation in several different ways—by resisting the desire for a second cup; by making only enough for the meal at hand; and by using any left-over portion in puddings or gingerbreads.

Time Is Short.—Christmas mail and packages for the men in overseas service must go out by the first of November. This part of the nation's Christmas shopping, therefore, is already in full swing. Articles in special favor with the boys are: waterproof wrist watches; pen and pencil sets; homemade jellies and preserves (small containers only); warm felt or leather slippers; extra shirts (regulation); hard candy in little jars; portable radios, as small as possible; small cameras; small photographs in unbreakable frames; toilet kits; sewing kits; and, surprisingly, rough towels! Care should be taken in wrapping the package not to include decorations that will hamper the censor's inspection and to write plainly all military details of the soldier's address that are available.

New Routine.—The girls of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps are rapidly becoming habituated to their new way of life and are giving an excellent account of themselves in every way. That they are adapting themselves to the new situation with typical American cheerfulness and humor is shown by the remark of one of them on a recent chilly morning: "I wish my boy friend at home would knit me a sweater!"





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ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The Long Thanksgiving Table

IT ALL began at the ends of Molly Simpson's braids. It was a long story, and it began away back there.

Molly Simpson's hair wasn't much to look at. It was sort of faded out, like wheat straw that has been a long while out in the weather. Molly's braids had, for a matter of fact. They had been out in the weather most of Molly's brief life. Even when she had been at home. Home, for Molly Simpson, was that kind of a house. Not many shingles on the roof. And the weather came right in and sat down at the table.

But James Tarr couldn't help looking at Molly's straw-colored braids. They were right in front of his eyes at the country schoolhouse. And they kept getting into his ink. They draggled ink all over his tablet and his best paragraphs in composition—which was what James loved best at school.

And today he noticed the two skimpy pigtails were tied up with twine string.

All the other girls in District Seven schoolhouse had ribbons on their hair. Big bows of ribbon that looked like wings—blue and red and white wings. They looked as though they were going to fly. When James looked down the aisle, he thought he was sitting right in a flock of butterflies just getting ready to fly. It was a pretty sight for a boy who liked butterflies. And James liked them.

But little Molly Simpson did not have any wings

on her. She just had the stumps where the wings ought to be. She just had common twine round her hair.

It came over James with a start, right there in the middle of square root, that Molly didn't ever look as though she was going to fly, didn't ever have any hair-ribbons, didn't have a dress that perked up at the shoulders like the other girls' dresses, didn't have nice new shoes, or anything. The buttons on her shoes were over half of them gone.

It was a hard discovery for a bright-eyed boy to make right in the middle of square root. It made it all the squarer and harder!

All the more so because James' mind was full of mince pie and stuffing and turkey. For this was on a Wednesday he noticed that little Molly Simpson was wingless. And tomorrow it was Thanksgiving. There were a dozen mince pies at home on the high shelf. And the turkey was being stuffed full of things that smelled of sage and onions, and it was being basted up with white twine.

Maybe the twine on the pigtails had got tangled up with the twine on the turkey. Anyway, James sat up with a start.

There were seven of Molly, just the same as there were seven of him. For James counted all his brothers and sisters in just as though they were that many pieces of himself. He never separated his family. And there were seven girls and boys in Molly's batch. And Molly's big sister, Dorothy, didn't have any wings or ribbons on her,

James noticed now, all at once, and all her five brothers didn't have a whole pair of breeches between them. It was easy to see that when they stood up in the aisle to recite. And James could see that even when they didn't stand up but just sat there. For their patches on them showed right through the crack under the backs of their chairs. Every shape and color of patches. And some of them came from dresses and must be hard for a boy to wear on him.

That was why, maybe, the Simpson boys didn't get up and recite their lessons very often. They did not want, maybe, to show those patches. The teacher scolded them and said they were lazy pupils and poor readers and spellers. And all the time they probably were just poor at their underpinnings and didn't want to show their underpinnings to the world!

A great blush spread over James' square freckled face. He had laughed at those crescents and full moons on the Simpson boys' breeches. He had laughed and made fun of them right along with the rest of the boys who had brand-new corduroy to sit on and slide on down the steep grassy hill in back of the schoolhouse.

And James began to remember other things that had happened, too. There was the day Miss Freeman, the teacher, had sent Dorothy Simpson home because she didn't have any shoe laces in her high boots.

It all came back and came over James now. And his freckles widened.

HE THOUGHT of the house the Simpsons went home to every night. It was an old tumble-down farmhouse. It wasn't like his nice square white farmhouse at all. It wasn't like the houses the other boys and girls went home to. It didn't have many shingles on the roof. And a cat could go right into the house at the corner where the sills had sprung away from the foundation. And a big ragged tomcat had. James had seen him. His name was Butter.

Butter may have been the only kind of butter around that house! James recalled the day John Simpson's lunchbox fell open on the ledge and the slices of bread rolled out. They didn't have a speck of butter on them. They were just dry.

And tomorrow was Thanksgiving.

The Simpsons did not keep turkeys. They didn't even keep a single hen.

"All right, James. You can go to the board and work out the next problem."

The teacher's voice cut through James' thoughts. He stumbled to the blackboard. But his face was still flaming. His freckles were brighter than ever and stood out as if he was coming down with the measles. And he wasn't. For he had gone

through the measles and come out on the other side of them a year ago. James' freckles got so in his way that he bogged down in the example, and he had to go back to his seat and in a great sound of Miss Freeman's sharp voice. Miss Freeman's voice always got sharp in the late afternoon, about arithmetic time, when the shadows of the trees had come into the school and over the faces of the pupils there.

Miss Freeman's voice was threadbare now.

And there was nothing now for James to look at but a little girl's braids tied up with twine.

The whole day closed in bitterness.

James wasn't any too strong in arithmetic, anyway. It was hard sledding for him. He shone in composition. And now the bleak figures he disliked so were all mixed in with twine strings where a set of white or blue wings ought to be.

IT WAS beginning to spit snow on the way home. It was chilly as could be. When James went past the Simpson place, there wasn't a light in any window. Not a sign of one. And tomorrow was a holiday, and there ought to be cooking going on. Tomorrow was Thanksgiving.

His father wanted to know why James was so sober at supper that night. And it was pigs' feet, which he knew his son loved to eat best!

James couldn't tell him. And he couldn't get any fun out of the game of jackstraws his brothers and sisters covered the table with after the dishes were cleared off. His hand trembled at the very first simple, straight spade, and he had to let the next player take his turn. He left the game in the middle and went off up to bed.

The last thing in James' mind were two small draggled pigtailed that never would sprout wings and fly. They went over with him into his dreams.

But James woke bright and early, and he went down to his chores with his small jaws clamped square, like his father's when his father had a hard job to do and was getting braced for it. When he went into breakfast with the last pail of water from the well, he came right out with what was on his mind, reddening freckles and all.

"Ma, I don't think the Simpsons are going to have any Thanksgiving dinner at all."

"The Simpsons?"

"Yes, you know. The family that moved into the old Tolman place last spring."

"Oh!—the family with the patches on them!"

"Yes, those are the ones. And Molly Simpson hasn't got any hair-ribbons on her. She's just got her braids tied up with twine string."

James had never spoken out like that in his life. His voice was deep for a boy of twelve. It sounded almost fierce. A strange quiet had come over the whole breakfast table.

"What makes you think that about their not having any Thanksgiving dinner, Jamie?" The mother's voice was oddly soft and gentle.

"Because I saw John Simpson's dinner-box upset the other day, and he didn't have a bit of butter on his bread."

"Oh."

"Ma,"—James was speaking fast as a boy could go—"don't you suppose we could have the Simpsons come and eat Thanksgiving dinner with us?"

"How many of the Simpsons are there?"

"There's a whole houseful of them." Thomas Tarr spoke up. He was the fattest one of the whole Tarr family. "They would eat us out of house and home. Why, we couldn't begin to get all of them around our table. There's Billy and John and Dorothy and —"

"We could bring in my sawhorse and some boards and lengthen our table out." James' voice was fiercer than ever. He was looking down at the bacon strips he hadn't touched on his plate.

"Why, so we could, Jamie," Mrs. Tarr broke in. "So we could. And we will. It is a good idea—it is a fine idea! You run right over to the Simpsons and invite them to come to dinner with us, the minute you get through."

James Tarr got through his breakfast inside of a minute. It was almost a world's record.

He ran all the way to the ramshackle house. But he slowed down when he got up close. It was going to be hard. The freckles began to spread out all over him like wildfire. But James set his Tarr jaw, went up to the door, and when somebody said, "Come in," James went right in with his chin up. The tomcat Butter scooted out and nearly upset him. But he went right in.

THE SIMPSONS were all there. They were still at breakfast. They were eating cornmeal mush. Nothing but bare cornmeal mush. Not a sign of butter on the table.

"Mrs. Simpson, my mother and father want all of you to come over and have Thanksgiving dinner with us."

James didn't want it to sound like a command, but it did.

Mrs. Simpson rose up wiping her hands on her apron. "Why, ain't that nice and thoughtful of your Ma. We'd be delighted to come. You're Jimmy Tarr, ain't you?"

"Yes."

The eyes of the whole Simpson family were lit up. But Molly Simpson's eyes were like stars.

James never knew how he came home. But he was walking on something lighter than the new snow that covered the world. It was air.

And that afternoon the table in the Tarr home—stead was about a mile long. It seemed at least

that to James. His father had taken him at his word. He had got two sawhorses and his new boards for the henhouse, and he had lengthened out the table till it filled the whole room. Mother Tarr had to take three tablecloths to cover it. But it was all white now. It was all shining plates and knives and forks and glasses full of rainbows in the low sunlight that came in from the low sun and the white new snow outside. There were baskets of red apples all down the length of the table, and bananas and oranges and dates. And running evergreen James had gathered. Nuts were heaped up high. And right spang in the center there was the turkey. And he was flanked on each side with fat brown ducks.

WHEN THE family sat down, it was like an army sitting down. Mrs. Simpson had done wonders on her part of the army. The hands of the Simpsons were red, they had been scrubbed so. Every head was combed and spanked down with water. The comb marks showed plain. Even the boys' patches seemed put on new.

The children sat down staggered. First a Simpson, then a Tarr. They were all beautifully mixed.

And somehow or other, James found himself beside Molly. It had all come out exactly right. James' freckles were like a forest fire, only it was a forest fire that meant no harm to anybody but just cleaned up the whole world and made it bright as glory!

Molly had new twine on her braids. It was the last touch of glory.

The boy had no idea how he got through the turkey and the gravy. The dinner went on for hours, he knew that all right. It was long as the table was! It went on into the time when every window pane in the room had stars in it. There were nuts to crack and oranges to peel. And James had to peel and crack them all for Molly. She didn't seem to know her way around among oranges and walnuts. James Tarr was proud to have the chance to show her. He showed her for hours. Her eyes got brighter every minute. Her hair got brighter. It was spun gold at last—pure spun gold. Molly laughed at every word James said. He had never heard her laugh before. It sounded like water tinkling in a well after you've pulled up your pail!

It was the nicest Thanksgiving the Tarrs ever had had. It was the longest and best table they had ever sat down at. James guessed it was the longest and nicest table anybody had ever sat down at in the wide, wide world.

And by the time the long, long table was empty, Molly did have wings. Where the twine strings had been two lovely white pinions had sprouted up and stood nearly as high as the ceiling!

War Weighs Upon Children Too



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THE effect of war upon the growing personality is a theme that has occasioned a great deal of discussion. Much of this discussion has been, and is, conjectural. One of the many possible points of view is here ably presented. Whether or not the reader agrees with the author's conclusions, he will find them productive of thought. The *National Parent-Teacher* invites full and free expression of its readers' opinions on this timely topic.

DOROTHY W. BARUCH

TEN-YEAR-OLD Barbara looked down the road at the procession of cars that had just gone by. Broken-down jalopies, newly painted and varnished second-hand machines of every sort; cars and cars, brimming with people and possessions. The Japanese on their march to a nearby reception center.

Barbara's eyes were wide. Her mouth was serious. She had just made a portentous discovery.

"Why," she said in wonderment, "the Japs have babies."

Tender, small things—babies. Little, soft things—babies. Not wicked. Sweet. And the Japs were wicked. They had started the war. It was very confusing.

War is a time of many confusions to our children. A time of tenseness. Of shadowed threats. Of fear. Of uncertainty. And of thrills.

Take the night, for instance, when the searchlights played in the skies along the coastline of Southern California. When the concussion of great anti-aircraft guns made the earth tremble. Tony's mother woke out of sound sleep. Guns. Instantly she was concerned over Tony. After all, he was only seven. He would be frightened.

She dashed into his room. His bed was empty. He was standing at the window, peering out into the sky. When he heard her, he turned.

"Gee, Mom," he shouted, "we're shooting them down."

Time of excitement. Time of thrills.

What Does War Mean to Children?

IT IS tremendously difficult to put ourselves into our children's boots and to imagine what war means to them. As with Barbara and Tony, its meanings are so often completely different from what we expect. And yet we have had enough reports from warring countries—especially from England—to have some idea of what war means to children. We have also been observing their reactions here.

War means that a time of confusion is on us and on them. Divergent ideas are on us all. Rumors and beliefs. A mass of near-information and superstition. The air is full of talk that children cannot understand.

But, what is more important than confusion of talk and ideas, the air is full of tension. Confusion of feelings. Conflict. Uncertainty. What is the war news? We're not doing so well. The Caucasus. Oil. The Near East. And nearer (with a catch in the breath). When will men with families be called? Will the air raids come our way? Soon?

Emotional tension. This our children feel. And yet it is unavoidable. This we must realize.

Fear, too, pervades the picture. Fear is natural in wartime. It cannot be avoided. This we must realize as well.

War means confusion. War means tension. War means fear. War means all of these things to our children. We cannot make it possible for them to avoid any of these in full. But we can

help confusion and tension and fear to decrease rather than to be augmented.

War means a time when talking and playing can help to reduce confusion and tension and fear.

Watch any group of younger children who feel free to do and say what they wish. Or listen to any older ones who are free to talk. Granted freedom to express themselves, children of all ages can get rid of tension and fear through dramatization, painting, writing, and talk. They seem to move toward clarification.

We who are parents and teachers must help children here. We must not forbid war play.

"I'm the dee-common squad man," yells Peter loudly. (He is five, and tense as children come—a bundle of nerves—and his father is on the decontamination squad of his city.) "You fellas get going. Bring the truck. Fire! Fire! Put the fire out!"

It looks as if Peter were simply and purely bent on an uproarious time. But you begin to wonder at the persistence with which, day after day, the same play continues. So you get together with Peter's mother and you wonder aloud. You find out: There was a fire in Peter's house three years back. He was so little—just two—no one thought he had even known what the excitement was about. But now, the thing he has picked up out of all the war talk is the fact that incendiary bombs make fires. In his persistent war play he is evidently clarifying that which he has feared. He wants assurance that fires can be put out. As he plays that fires *are* put out, he seems to achieve some degree of release from his tension.

The child's own active talking and dramatization, the child's own releasing of tension through emotionally impelled activity, is more important than much talk on our part. The giving of information is often thought to be the whole story. And the giving of accurate information is, of course, helpful, especially with older children. Information concerning the war can and should come into every type of classroom presentation. But the child's own talk and play and creative activities have an even greater role to play in bringing him clarification and relief.

To eleven-year-old Florence, the painting of weird pictures seemed the important thing. Repeatedly at school she filled her paper with nightmarish forms, half blimp, half giant lizard, with guns protruding at various points. The teacher never found out what the pictures meant to Florence. But she knew that the painting of them nonetheless had power to bring Florence a degree of relief. So she let her go on with the painting day after day.

We must not stop such activities. We must

help our children to go on with them. After all, it is only as we glimpse the fears and confusions evidenced in their play and their talk that we can bring them comfort and reassurance.

New Releases for All Tensions

WAR MEANS a time when comfort and reassurance from parents and teachers are sorely needed.

"But," says one mother, "it's so hard to give them comfort and reassurance. They're so ornery—more so than ever before. They're mean and fresh and stubborn, and they want to fight all the time."

Of course. This is true of many children. War is a time when fighting is at last permissible. Suppose you are a child. You may have been told all your short life that you are not allowed to fight. But now? Everybody's fighting, from hero MacArthur down to hero sailor who is big brother to former enemy-number-one down the block. Formerly you weren't supposed to fight with enemy-number-one. You were supposed to turn the other cheek when he shot paper wads at you from his slingshot as you went by his house. But nowadays? Why, with everybody fighting, you've decided it's time for you to fight, too. And you do. And suddenly, enemy-number-one is enemy no longer. You both have gotten the enmity off your chests.

War is a time when children are automatically encouraged to get enmity off the chest. (Perhaps that is its one advantage!) We all know how enmity can pile up and fester and grow larger when we hold a grudge inside. It takes a good deal of maturity to be able to talk over differences. A child who is resentful toward another person is certainly not able to talk the thing over calmly and collectedly. He wants instead to become abusive and violent. Failing the opportunity, he holds in his grudges. And they grow.

The major difficulty, then, is this: The child's primary grudges are not grudges against his peers. They are rather grudges against the adults who have bossed and bullied him. (Bossed and bullied according to *his* lights, although not according to theirs.) Ever since he was little he has resented adult interference. He has wanted to eat whenever he was hungry, not at certain specified times. He has wanted to be loved at all sorts of odd moments, not only when the schedule permitted. He has wanted many times to wham an intrusive neighbor's child on the head instead of blithely sharing a beloved toy. He has wanted to shout at his parents for not letting him go to some of the places where "all the other kids go all the time." He has wanted to hit at them when

they seemed to prefer a brother or a sister to him. But fighting and such external expressions of hostility were forbidden. They still are, too often, as far as we who are parents or teachers are concerned. But they aren't forbidden as far as the world is concerned. Everybody is fighting now.

We need to remember that a grudge well aired is often a grudge forgotten. Resentment expressed is often resentment vanquished.

"No," says Tim's mother, "you simply may not turn the hose on in the back yard and get everything muddy and then track the mud into the house."

At which Tim, who is five, points the end of the hose at her and yells with unconcealed venom, "You old Jap, you. I'm shooting you dead."

This is the test. Tim's mother thinks fast. "Yes," a memory clicks inside her—a memory that tells her Tim is merely working out his resentments through war play, and that it will be harder for him if he buries his feelings.

She nods. "All right, you shoot me all you want. I don't blame you for feeling mean when I stop you from doing things that are fun." She continues, however, to turn off the faucet strongly enough so that Tim will not be able to turn it on again. "You can't let them *do* everything," she thinks as she does it, "but you have to remember that they can *think* and *feel* anything they please. And it's best to realize and let them know that you know how they're feeling."

"Bang," goes Tim. The end of the hose is his gun. "Bang, bang, bang. You're dead now, you old meany." And then, with a benign smile, suddenly lighting his face, "We know, mummy; it's not *really*."

Check Hostility at the Source

WAR IS a time when hostility runs rife in the world. Huge hostility. Would it ever have become as big, we wonder, if small hostilities had been let out while those who are now full of great hostilities were growing?

"Dilute hostility," the psychologists say. Enmity buried grows. It creates many and deep psychological problems. It creeps out furtively in various kinds of unsocial actions. In lying, to gain a kind of revengeful upper hand. In stealing or in other deeds directed against one's fellow man. In war.

War to our children means a time to get hostilities out. It starts the ball rolling. It starts them off in the direction of venting their feelings. What happens then depends on us. We can then let war mean a time for diluting hostilities so that they do not grow further. Or we can make it

mean a time for censorship and punishment whenever hostility rears its head. Only then, of course, we make tension pile on top of tension. We create further enmity. We make small enmities become large ones. We make war mean a time when a child piles up hostility rather than a time when he rids himself of it. And a time, too, when he becomes more afraid.

He becomes afraid not only of things outside himself. He becomes afraid of the feelings inside himself. War calls to them for expression. But mother and father and teacher say they are wicked. He must not show how he feels. If he does, something dreadful may happen. And so he grows afraid.

We need to assure children that under some circumstances hostility is natural. We need to tell them, "Lots of people have such feelings. It's only natural to feel that way."

If we fail to realize this, we shall be apt to blame ourselves later for not having brought up our children decently. And then, quite normally, we shall blame them in turn. We shall make them feel deprived of the affection that they need.

War is a time when each person must be helped to feel his utmost strength. War should mean to our children a time when parents relax their demands and increase their response and affection and support. Too many demands press a child down with a sense that he cannot "live up." He therefore feels small and weak and worthless. Much response and affection and support will do just the opposite.

Lessening the Scars of Mars

WHAT DOES war mean to our children? Many, many different things. Excitement—confusion—tension—fear. War means that fighting and hostility have become permissible; but it means, too, that these may be gotten well off the chest if only parents and teachers maintain an understanding attitude toward war play.

War means a time when everyone needs to be helped to feel as nearly adequate as possible for coping with life. War means an extra and urgent need for love and reassurance and support.

This is a war of machines, of hard steel, of inhuman controls. But it must not mean the death of human values. The years ahead must furnish added support within personal relationships. They must hold sturdy loyalties and staunch devotions.

War means that we, the child's parents and teachers, need first and foremost to realize that we are human. We can still be warm and understanding in spite of wartime tension. We can still be tender and loving in spite of war.

What Are You Waiting For?

Editorial

ACCORDING to the Gallup polls, the American people are willing to go farther and faster toward winning the war than their Washington leaders have yet dared to ask.

They are not only willing, they are eager to play a bigger role. Is this your mood, too? If so, why wait?

There is, in my opinion, no more dangerous fallacy than the widespread notion that the Government is a great machine which can somehow make us win the war—and presumably the peace, too. Till we shake off that fallacy we shall continue to lose both. Till we become aware of our personal responsibility in this war we shall get nowhere.

You, and you, and *you*, and I, and others are the Government of the United States. The political machinery we commonly think of as the Government is merely one phase of our lives. If, in mobilizing for necessary action, we wait for politics to direct all the other phases of our lives, we are victims of the same kind of thinking that we loathe in our enemies.

Why wait?

Why not demand of *yourself* all you know you might do?

There is hardly a house in America that hasn't a broken hammer, a discarded flatiron, a hopeless vacuum cleaner, a few iron pipes lying in the basement. Gather it all, and more, and turn it in. There is hardly a family in America that could not buy more war bonds and stamps than it is now buying.

A man who takes a ten-minute walk with his eyes open can pick up a handful of broken glass from the street—and save somebody's tires.

Billions of idle dollars are lying in the banks of America. Somebody owns 'em. Perhaps you yourself can claim a few. You know—if you'll think—a dozen ways that you can *help win the war*, just as an individual.

And why not demand of the groups you support that they, too, get practical about this war business?

It takes a bit of organization to reach out and make a thousand new war workers feel at home in a community. You can put the pressure on your church, your lodge, your P.T.A., to organize committees to make all these people more wel-

come, more contented, and therefore better workers. You can ask the high school principal to organize a miniature war council in the school, patterned after a good defense council, so as

to give the youth of your city a chance to participate, a chance to learn how a good community works together in wartime. This would be a genuinely helpful project.

WE AMERICANS seem to be bewitched. We are so dazed by the vast power of modern machinery that we somehow think social machinery, such as governments, churches, and P.T.A.'s, can run by the turn of a switch or the passing of an appropriation bill.

It just ain't so.

Persons supply the energy for social machinery. Personal initiative is the only power that makes social machinery run.

In the realm of life, this is a *personal* world, and we have just *got* to stop depersonalizing it, or it will kill us.

The free enterprise system is a system in which free men show enterprise. Freedom can be saved on no other terms.

Don't wait for the Government to win the war and the peace. Unless *we* win both, we shall lose both. It isn't enough for democracy to be of the people and for the people. It must be *by* the people, too. Not just at the polls, once every two or four years, but in all the areas of our living, it is up to us to make democracy a reality in everything we do or undertake to do.

And finally, don't think the emotional "yes" that you feel as you read this article is good for you. It is robbing your personality of its power unless you do something appropriate while you are in the mood to do it. You might, at very least, tell three friends to read this article because you agree and intend to act on it.

The armed forces of the nation are merely the clenched fists of the people. Unless the people are aroused, resolute, active, the fists pack a weak punch.

If you really want America to win the war and the peace, don't wait for somebody else to make you do your part. You *are* America.

—HARRISON M. SAYRE
Office of Civilian Defense

Scrap Salvage Quiz

Question: Why should I collect scrap?

Answer: Because scrap makes steel and steel makes planes, tanks, and guns.

Question: What scrap materials are needed?

Answer: Iron and steel; nonferrous metals (lead, tin, zinc, aluminum, copper, brass, tungsten, chromium, nickel); rubber; rags; Manila rope; burlap bags.

Question: Why is there a shortage of steel?

Answer: Because of the enormous and sudden demands of war production.

Question: Haven't we expanded our productive capacity?

Answer: Yes, capacity now stands at about 90,000,000 tons of steel a year.

Question: Then why do we need more scrap?

Answer: Because scrap is used in making steel. Steel from open hearth furnaces is about fifty per cent scrap.

Question: How serious is it if steel production does drop one or two per cent because of a shortage of scrap?

Answer: A drop of one per cent in a year means the loss of enough steel to build 140 cargo ships weighing 10,000 tons apiece.

Question: If we need scrap, why are there still automobile graveyards full of junked cars?

Answer: Automobile graveyards are an essential part of the job of keeping America's automotive transportation system operating; they supply vitally needed parts as well as scrap. They are supervised by the Government.

Question: What shall I do with my scrap material?

Answer: If you can, take it to the nearest salvage depot. If not, call the local salvage committee. Or you may sell it direct to a scrap dealer.

Question: How can I get in touch with the salvage committee?

Answer: Call the Mayor's office or one of the newspapers.

Question: Who is responsible for supervising the scrap collection campaign in my community?

Answer: The local salvage committee.

Question: What part does the junk dealer play in the scrap campaign?

Answer: He collects, sorts, grades, and processes scrap, making it ready for the steel mill.

Question: Why can't the Government or the steel mills collect scrap direct?

Answer: The scrap industry is highly specialized. It is the only agency in the country with the experienced personnel and equipment necessary to do the job. Mixed scrap is useless to a steel mill until it has been sorted and graded. There are seventy-five grades of iron and steel scrap alone, and each is used for a different purpose. Therefore they must be shipped to the mills separately and in carload lots.

Question: Are ceiling prices established on scrap materials?

Answer: Yes.

Question: How can I be sure the junk dealer won't hold scrap for a higher price?

Answer: The price ceiling fixes his maximum price. Any dealer who hoards is subject to requisitioning by the Government, and all dealers are carefully supervised by the Government.

Question: Why all the hurry?

Answer: Because steel mills (and other war plants) are short of scrap now. Furnaces are shutting down now for lack of scrap. This is serious! Now is the time the mills should be building up a surplus for the winter months, when scrap comes in very slowly. The scrap must be brought in before snow flies!

Question: If scrap is so vital, why does salvaged scrap sometimes remain at a depot for days or even weeks?

Answer: For several reasons. Sometimes it is necessary to hold scrap until a carload has been collected; sometimes the scrap you see is an ever-changing pile, continually being sorted, graded, and processed; or the scrap may have been collected quickly, in a drive, and stored for later use.

Question: Should I turn in articles I am using?

Answer: No, do not turn in anything that will have to be replaced.

Question: How much scrap metal is needed?

Answer: Seventeen million tons during just the last six months of 1942.

Question: Where must it come from?

Answer: From industrial establishments, business houses, the steel industry itself, automobile graveyards, and special sources. At least 4,000,000 tons must come from homes and farms.

Question: Shall I give my scrap or sell it?

Answer: Either. The important thing is to turn your scrap in now. If you sell it, you may buy war bonds and stamps or aid some worthy charity. (Or use the money to finance your parent-teacher activities.)

Question: What articles are not wanted?

Answer: Razor blades, glass, and hard rubber battery boxes.

Question: Are tin cans needed?

Answer: Definitely yes. Any community may participate in can salvage. Save your cans. They represent valuable tin and No. 2 steel scrap, which are desperately needed.

Question: How should tin cans be prepared?

Answer: Cut off both ends, remove label and wash, step on the can heavily to flatten it, and insert the ends.

Question: Shall I collect waste fat? What shall I do with it?

Answer: Yes. Strain it into a wide-mouthed can, and when you have a pound or more take it to your butcher. He will pay you for it.

Question: How about waste paper?

Answer: Save waste paper only if you are being asked to save it in your city.

Question: How can my organization help?

Answer: By offering its services and facilities to the salvage committee.

These questions and answers are part of a scrap quiz prepared by the Automotive Safety Foundation.

THESE SCHOOLS ARE OURS

PAUL R. MORT



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A WHOLESOME relationship between the schools and the public at large is one of the prime essentials of successful democratic national life. The problem of obtaining and preserving such a relationship is important beyond all estimation. Yet we have not always succeeded in obtaining and preserving it, and even today there are serious lacks in our educational system that only such a relationship can supply.

Until half a dozen years ago I assumed that this was one of the situations in which democracy had not yet found its bearings. I viewed with satisfaction the widespread development of parent-teacher associations and of school publicity programs, which seemed to me promising attempts to create a more perfect union between the people and the people's schools. And my satisfaction was justified, for a great deal has been accomplished by these means, and there is reason to assume that still more will be accomplished in the future.

However, no such attempt, no matter how worthy, will prove entirely adequate until one prime objective has been accomplished: The lay leaders of the nation must be brought to interest themselves vitally in the problems of school education. Until this has been done there will exist a rift, of greater or less extent, between the American public school and the American people.

How Shall We View This Rift?

WHETHER or not the rift is comparatively new is of small consequence. The important thing is to examine it, to seek its possible causes, and to correct it as quickly as possible. But that it is comparatively new seems undeniable, as the

MANY of us have half forgotten that the public school was originally the product of the lay mind and not of the thinking of any professional group. This fact and its implications form the basis of Dr. Mort's presentation, the first of a number of searching articles on school education that will appear from time to time in these pages. Going straight to the root of the school's public relations problem, the article breaks and prepares the ground for those that will follow.

following facts will serve well to demonstrate:

Today, legislative leaders are concerned with tax limitations, central budget reviewing bodies, and pre-audits; a century ago they were setting up laws requiring that no community should tax itself less than enough to provide so much per pupil. Today our leaders are forcing school boards to depend on municipal government for financial support; a century ago they were setting up all kinds of safeguards to keep this long-time matter of education from getting mixed up with municipal government.

Now this may seem an attempt to contrast the best of a century ago with the worst of today. But is it not remarkable that there are so many good things to turn to in the history of the middle half of the nineteenth century? And is it not all the more remarkable when we realize that there was no professional leadership as we know it today?

The great American system of schools, with its

brilliant invention of unique governmental forms, *was a product of the lay mind*. Horace Mann, Henry Barnard, Gideon Hawley, and Caleb Mills were laymen. There were great educational governors, great educational legislators, great local leaders who set the pattern for their states and communities.

Go to educational budget hearings and educational legislative hearings today and look for such stalwart laymen! Men drawn in to testify in Congressional hearings on Federal aid for schools are likely to be state, city, and county superintendents, teachers, and professors of education. The drive toward the obviously needed structural change in the basic financing of schools is more often than not supported by contributions from teachers. The colleges and the National Education Association have stood the cost of the battle for the obviously needed basic Federal support of the schools. Yet the issue is a public issue and by no means confined to the teaching profession. Our great lay leaders have evidently not realized that this is their problem—not solely the teacher's problem and not even, essentially, the parent's problem. It is a problem of national social policy, and one of prime import.

Yet if one goes to the great lay leaders and seeks to discuss these problems, their reactions too often show abysmal unawareness of the whole question. For twenty-five years the problem of Federal support has been urgent as a matter of social policy; but in that quarter of a century we have not turned up a President or a party leader who has shown any signs even of being aware of it. Talk to great bank presidents, great industrial leaders, even great labor leaders, and you will quickly discover that they have never even heard of the revolutionary discoveries of the nature of learning that were made more than four decades ago, let alone the other four or five major discoveries that have changed the nature of the schools where the teaching profession and the public have become aware of them.

It appears, then, that we may characterize present conditions as follows: The educators are on top. Laymen have abdicated. They have left the schools to the profession.

What Of It?

THIS IS not wholesome. It is true that there are some who rejoice in the fact that education is not being bothered by laymen. These persons believe that education, like medicine, should be a matter for professionals. But this has proved a dangerous concept. A recent study of sixty-seven factors believed to be related to the quality of school education shows that what the public ex-

pects of its schools is more influential than any other single factor except the level of school expenditure. Next to raising the level of support, then, the most effective single thing that can be done to improve the educational system is to develop in the public mind an understanding of what education can do.

Even more interestingly, these studies suggest that raising the level of understanding of a few lay leaders will help the schools more than raising the understanding of the general public to a fairly high level. The greatest need is for a sufficient understanding on the part of some members of the community to enable them to enter into full partnership with the professional leaders in shaping educational policy.¹

The great philosopher John Dewey stated in a lecture given to the Chicago school principals in 1898: "What the best and wisest parent wants for his child, that must the community want for all its children. Any other ideal for our schools is narrow and unlovely. Acted upon, it destroys our democracy." It is interesting that four decades later we discover that what the best and wisest citizens want their schools to do the schools will do. If what the best and wisest citizens want is fifty years behind the times, the schools will be at least thirty or forty years behind the times in spite of all favorable factors.

What Is the Cause?

ONE DOES not need to sit long in any group that is discussing education to hear all kinds of suggestions for correcting the situation. These usually take the form of protests. Two of the most frequent are: "Teachers ought to be interested in something besides their own salaries," and "Laymen ought to spend some time in getting the facts before using preferred positions in the community to propose changes in education." Why this division into two hostile camps?

I am inclined to believe that the insulation of teachers on the one hand² and the ill-advised out-breaks of laymen on the other may be traced to the same underlying difficulty. The sciences that have become basic to education and the increase in scientific experimentation in the schools have left the lay public unbelievably behind the procession. Forty years ago the layman knew as much about schools as the teacher did. School administrators had no professional preparation for their jobs. The training of the teacher was comparable to the training of the physician before

¹ Mort, Paul R., and Cornell, Francis G. *American Schools in Transition*, Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1941.

² There are indications that teachers have, with rare exceptions, always been cloistered. In recent years they have become more aware of the significance of the job they are doing. Perhaps it is the unaccustomed voices over the cloister walls that the public finds disturbing.

the discovery of the germ theory of disease. He had the choice of two or three philosophical approaches, and he followed what he had learned from his own teachers.

But later, as an extensive body of professional subject matter evolved, the teacher had an opportunity to learn it. The layman had no incentive to do so. As the field of the teacher broadened, therefore, the teacher left the layman far behind. Knowledge bred self-satisfaction in the teacher, and lack of knowledge caused the layman gradually to leave the field to the professional educator. "Common sense" was no longer a sufficient balance to professional knowledge. And the final result is that we now have a generation of laymen who are even unaware that their grandfathers were the masters of educational policy in their day!

What To Do About It?

TO SOLVE the resulting problem, a lay public capable of thinking creatively in education must be developed. It is not enough to have parents and teachers come together to discuss the immediate problems of the school. It is not enough to keep the public informed of what goes on in the schools. It is not enough to have hearings on the budget. These steps, good in themselves, do not go far enough and do not reach enough of those potentially public-minded citizens in the profession and in the public at large whose collaboration has in all past generations resulted in the great educational advances of history.

The scope of this article is too limited to permit more than mention of the far-reaching steps that will be required to correct this situation. They include the restoration of authentic community home rule over the budget, educational planning,

and the curriculum. They include the education of the generation now in school as to the purposes of education and the major established facts concerning the educational processes. They include the discovery of ways to find the emerging public-minded citizens—teachers, parents, and others—and of ways to assist them to find a common ground of understanding. This ground cannot be so general as to be meaningless, and it must not be so highly specific as to require specialized expertness. It is now largely a no man's land. It is not occupied by educators; they see their problems in details that would require hundreds of volumes to describe. It is not occupied by laymen; they see education either as the bare bones of purpose unrelieved by lively flesh of understanding or as a series of oversimplified set patterns—for example, the "Three R's."

But once we have found this common ground—and I think we have now determined pretty well where it lies—we can proceed with those lay leaders who are ready, no matter how few. The efforts of even a few will rapidly begin to pay dividends in releasing teachers to do the best job possible.

And those few will certainly not be limited either to parents or to teachers. Both groups may sometimes be clouded in their judgments by the very intimacy of their knowledge of the details involved. Others are needed, who, unhampered by these details, can see the problem in the large. They will include some from the community whose children have finished school or who, having no children of their own, are willing to express their parental feelings toward the community's children. In short, the prerequisite for membership in such a group is readiness to look at education as a matter of public policy—which it certainly is—and to deal with it accordingly.

As Laymen Have Seen It

THE NOBLEST PUBLIC EDIFICES, the most splendid galleries of art, theatres, gardens, monuments, should all have been deemed a reproach to any people, while there was a child among them without ample and improved means of education. . . . Until the indifference of the wealthy and the educated towards the masses shall cease, and legislative bounty shall atone for past penuriousness, there can be no security for any class or description of men.—HORACE MANN.

I CALL THEREFORE a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully and magnanimously all the offices both public and private of peace and war.

—JOHN MILTON.

UPON THE EDUCATION of the people of this country the fate of this country depends.

—BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

MEN ARE BORN but citizens are made. A child takes to itself what is brought to it. It accepts example, usage, traditions and general ideas. All the forms of its social reactions and most of its emotional interpretations are provided by its education.—H. G. WELLS.

AN EDUCATED MAN STANDS, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

Flora McFlimsey Had Nothing to Wear



FLORA McFLIMSEY had nothing to wear." At least, that is what Flora of the old poem thought. For she didn't save, she didn't mend, and she wasn't resourceful. There wasn't an idea in her head for putting to good use the many, many clothes she bought. To her, finding something to wear was just another big round of shopping—of buying new things.

Now, even with our country at war, the Flora McFlimseys are still with us. Excited and hysterical on hearing of shortages and regulated styles, they rush from one end of the town to the other, buying new clothes. Much of what they buy is worthless and represents a waste of their money.

More sensible and far more patriotic are the women who meet this wartime situation calmly, with foresight and with that American ingenuity that helps to see things through. They will help win this war by following these common-sense rules:

Buy only the clothes that are needed—not one stitch more.

Give clothes on hand the best possible care, so that they will last longer.

Restyle clothes that are a bit out of date.

Make over old clothes that cannot be worn as they are. Some will be outgrown, out of date, or worn in spots, but the good parts should not be wasted.

Learn to make all kinds of mends. Well-made patches and darns can sometimes double the life of a garment.

Take Care of What You Have

EVERYONE in the family can help with the care of clothes. Mother can't do it all—though some

mothers try — picking up after everybody, washing, and mending. Family cooperation is needed. There is a great deal in the new wartime care-of-clothing program that only the one who wears the clothes can do.

Pay attention to such little things as the way your clothes are put on and taken off, being careful not to strain them or to get them needlessly dirty, torn, or stained. All this makes clothes last longer. Teach the children to hang up their clothes the instant they take them off—not later—and to use hangers that fit the shoulders of their dresses and coats. Let clothes that are damp with perspiration hang in the open awhile to dry and air before putting them away. Leave a little space between each two garments in the closet. This helps clothes to keep their shape and press. Crowding is hard on them.

Wash or dry-clean clothes *before* they become badly soiled. Remember that pressing only makes soil harder to get out. The best way to clean clothes will vary, of course, with the material. Cottons and linens can, as a rule, go right into the tub without much ceremony. But rayon, nylon, and washable silks require that lukewarm-water, mild-suds, thorough-rinsing procedure that every woman who cares about her clothes already knows by heart. Send clothes that have to be dry-cleaned to a place that cleans thoroughly, not to one of the "bargain" shops that merely shifts the dirt from one place to another.

When you press, adjust the temperature of the iron to suit your material. Acetate rayons look best if pressed on the wrong side and with a warm iron. Be wary of a hot one, for acetates will melt.

CLEAR directions for carrying out one of the homemaker's most vital war activities are supplied by this, the third article in the study course "America Pitches In."

CLARICE L. SCOTT

Other kinds of rayon take less pampering, but it is a safe rule not to use a very hot iron on anything. There's too much danger of scorching, and scorch weakens cloth.

Steam press your wools—but don't make the mistake of pressing them too dry. That leaves wool hard and lifeless-looking. Instead, lift the iron and the press cloth while steam is still rising from the wool and gently beat the fabric with your hand or a clapper. This makes any wool fabric look fresh, alive, and new.

Take good care of your hats, shoes, bags, gloves, and umbrellas. They are all so necessary and so valuable now. When you put on your hat, do you do it the right way—with both hands on the crown—or do you pull on the brim? It is so easy to pull a hat out of shape. And what do you do with a hat between wearings? That is just as important as the way you put it on. There's nothing better than a cardboard hat box—plenty big—with a nest of tissue. And don't stack. One hat to a box is the rule.

On rainy days, always carry an umbrella. A hat can be ruined in no time in a hard rain. Even a sprinkle leaves spots on some hats.

Overshoes should be worn on every wet day. Shoes are never the same once they have been soaked. Keep them clean and polished—on trees between wearings, and up off the closet floor. Shoe racks are a better place for them. Have new lifts put on the heels as needed, and tack tips on the toes when they show signs of wear. It also helps to wear one pair of shoes one day and another the next. That gives them time to dry and air and get back their shape.

When you take off overshoes, clean them and see that they are put away in a cool, dark place, out of sunlight and away from heat. No longer can you afford to kick your galoshes and rubbers about just to get them out of the way. They are made of rubber, and they need coddling now.

Protect your good leather bags, gloves, and belts against scratches, spots, and the oil and perspiration of your hands. If you are carrying packages these days—and who isn't?—don't wear your best gloves. Wear some that are tough and won't be hurt. Use a shopping bag instead of your purse to carry all the little things you buy. Overloading can soon make a purse look old.



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Make Your Mending a Work of Art

CLOTHES will need a little mending now and then, even with the best of care, but you can save yourself a lot of work by taking a few precautionary stitches against rips and tears. Go over all new clothes inside and out, from neck to hem, and fix those little places where the seams look as if they might pull out. Fasten off dangling threads; put stays under buttons and pocket corners. This takes time, but less time than mending rips and working darns.

Mend promptly. Holes and torn places get larger and harder to fix if you let them go. How to make a patch depends on the shape and size of the hole or tear, the material in the garment, and the location of the damaged place. There are no set rules. But if you are not up on mending get busy and learn. Skillful mending is an art, and it can be just as much fun as any other if rightly approached.

For wash clothes, patches are usually the best mends. They will stand washing and much hard wear. Yet there are patches and patches. The secrets of a good one are as follows:

Match the patch perfectly with the thread and pattern of the goods, whether striped, plaid, or flowered.

Take the tiniest of stitches, and keep the patch flat, without a single pucker.

If the garment has faded, used a faded patch. A bright one on a faded garment is a "dead giveaway."

Shrink the patch if the garment has been washed or cleaned. It must not be allowed to draw up.

Wools are generally easier to mend than wash materials. Their soft texture helps to hide the stitches. The way to mend wool depends on the kind of hole or worn place, its location, and the materials at hand for making the mend. Suits for men and boys probably need mending more often than any other wool clothes; yet not many women have learned to do this kind of mending. The job has usually been passed on to the tailor and the press shop. But the repairs made there can be done at home—probably better, and certainly at less cost.

First, do all you can to save the suits while they are new. When they are first bought, put retreads in the seat and knees, sew wear guards around the lower inside edge of the trouser legs, and make underarm shields for the coat.

But even if the suits on hand are old and badly worn, don't be in a hurry to throw them away. When the elbows and the knees have given out you can set in block patches so well matched that they will never be noticed. The secret is a careful match plus a trick stitch done on the right side. To do it, pinch the seam line between the thumb and forefinger, then with matching sewing thread stitch back and forth over it, catching only one yarn on each side of the seam. Pull the thread up close as you work. This stitch strengthens the seam line—particularly the corners.

Worn and ragged trouser cuffs, sleeve edges, and pocket mouths can be mended to look like new by seaming out the wear lines. Even worn collar rolls can be fixed much the same way. Trousers can be reseated and new pockets put in. If pin stripes wear off they can be restored in no time with the help of the sewing machine. Burned holes, moth holes, tears—those little damages likely to happen to any suit—will need darns and woven-in patches. These are quick to make, yet they work wonders in keeping a suit looking new.

Make Over and Save Good Materials

WHEN CLOTHES can no longer be used as they are, or restyled, rip them up and make them over. Good parts of men's old suits can be made into coats and suits for children, jacket suits, and

jumper dresses for adults. Old coats past restyling, dresses, men's shirts, bathing suits, sweaters, even old cotton underwear can be reworked into surprisingly good-looking clothes. It takes thought and ingenuity; but once you get a start the ideas will come.

Work out your make-over plan to the last detail before you rip a stitch. Make certain the goods is strong and worth the work. It is a waste of time to make over weak materials. Don't forget to compare the size and shape of the pieces in the old garment with those in the pattern. Sometimes the shape of the pieces makes a plan seem workable but the size may spoil it. Rip with care when you take old clothes apart.

Look over and hold the pieces to the light to see what is usable and what is not. Maybe the material can be turned—a good way to get rid of spots where the nap or the color is rubbed and worn-looking. Clean and press the material, then lay the pattern out on the goods. Probably a few changes will have to be worked out here and there. You may also have to piece and mend a bit, but if you do a good job no one will be the wiser.

If care, restyling, making over, and mending still leave some clothes to buy, buy wisely. Find out what the cloth you buy is made of. The best way to find out is to read the label. What looks to be wool may be a brand-new material made from the casein of milk, or it may be rayon or spun nylon. All these are being made to look like familiar wools. Materials of these fibers will without doubt serve some purposes just as well as wool—maybe better—and at less expense; but all are so new that there has been no time for wear tests. The content will be some help in knowing what characteristics to expect, how the material will handle in sewing, and what kind of care it will need.

Get facts about hidden qualities, such as color-fastness and shrinkage. In times like these some inferior goods are bound to creep into our stores. Yet there is no reason even in wartime for materials that shrink or fade. After you have all the facts, apply the same tried and true tests you have always used to judge the quality of material. Wartime is not the time to buy poor goods.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

YES, you've heard it before—and you will hear it again. "Buy war bonds and stamps!" is a slogan of multiple meanings. It means victory; it means peace; it means world-wide democracy; it means food, clothing, shelter, education, and opportunity for tomorrow's children. It means *your* opportunity to have a hand in bringing all these things to pass. Buy more bonds and stamps TODAY.

FINDINGS: NATIONAL CONVENTION

Education Insures Their Birthright

IT is no light charge upon a nation to live up to a document like the Bill of Rights. We have, for instance, been glib about this matter of "equality," proclaiming loudly that equality is ours, without examining our institutions and our attitudes to determine whether or not we really practice what we profess.

Of course, equality does not mean uniformity. Nor does it mean that each person's final achievement will be the same. It is for this reason that we no longer put a period after "equality," but go on and say "equality of opportunity." And we of the parent-teacher association go even further and say "opportunity for development of our highest capabilities." Just as the earth holds locked under its soil undreamed-of riches and resources for finer living, so locked in the undeveloped capabilities of our sons and daughters are resources more important to humanity than anything under the land or in the sea. Finding a way, then, of bringing this treasure into the light, of transforming equality of opportunity from a dream into a reality, is more than a matter of justice; it is fast becoming a social necessity, and a necessity from which there is no retreat. Without success in this direction, democracy cannot hope to survive.

Although education is free in the United States and public schools are found in every state and in every county, the quality of the education in various localities varies greatly. Opportunity has thus far been dependent largely upon geographic situation. If you were a rural child, your chances were not as good as if you were a city child. If you lived where property valuations were low and the number of children to be educated was great, your "opportunity" was diluted exceedingly thin. This situation arose in the first place because the education of the nation's citizens, its leaders and statesmen, its scientists, its economists, and its philosophers, has been looked upon, incredibly enough, as the responsibility of the local community alone. Small account has been taken of the ultimate effect upon national life of the combined inadequacies of thousands of inadequate schools. The crisis in which we find ourselves today is revealing some of the alarming results of this neglect. It has at last become evident to all that something must be done.

One Nation Indivisible

THIS is not an indictment of the local community. On examination one finds that many a district providing a meager educational program for its children has made a much greater financial effort, proportionately speaking, than have many of the districts that offer a much more advantageous service. Assessed valuation and the needs of children seldom complement each other perfectly. Since the benefits that accrue from giving children an opportunity to realize their highest potentialities are shared by the state and the nation as well as by the local community, it might be wise for the state and the nation to equalize responsibility for all and to share financially with the local community in the education of its youth. Too, there is economic justice in such an arrangement, for taxable wealth does not always lodge for the purpose of taxation in the place from which it was produced.

It should be remembered that a good educational system is something we "cash in on" more than once. As children, we benefit by it in our own personal lives. As parents, we derive benefit when our own children receive their schooling. We derive a third benefit as citizens from the enhanced value of the service of educated men and women to the community. This last benefit we share with the entire nation. In a like way, we share with the entire nation the liability of a

STATING the planned objectives of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers in terms of health, education, recreation, conservation, and social welfare, the findings of the 1942 convention will be interpreted month by month in a series of articles contributed by leaders of the organization. Whatever has been learned in any of these fields will be made available to local parent-teacher leaders as they build for victory. It is hoped that the series will prove to be a source of constructive guidance in solving the many problems that confront all such workers today.

community's failure. It was a national loss when physically fit young men of a number equivalent to fifteen military divisions were not usable in our armed services because they had not had even a fourth-grade education. Each of these young men came from a local community; but the nation as a whole paid the cost of local inadequacy.

We can easily measure our military loss. But it is more difficult to measure the economic and social loss represented by the lack of educational opportunity for these young men. It is impossible to estimate the achievements, the notable contributions to national life and human progress, that might have resulted from their education at a level suited to their full capacities.

The extensive migration of segments of the population during the last ten years has pointed up as nothing else has done the interdependence of the states in this matter of educational opportunity. A state that is financially able to meet generously the educational needs of its children can no longer sit smugly to one side when its neighbors are trying to do a hundred-dollar educational job on a budget of thirty-seven dollars per child. Its own legislative halls may one day be in the hands of those educated at the thirty-seven-dollar level.

North or South, East or West, this is one nation. A child born in these United States is entitled to a United States education, embodying all that our Constitution promises America's children—not a New York education or an Alabama education or a Missouri education, with sectional reservations. And if we would tap the greatness of America we want the black child, the red child, and the yellow child as well as the white child to develop their highest capabilities.

The Plight of Rural Schools

BUT, ALTHOUGH discrimination against minority groups has been widespread, perhaps our greatest discrimination has been neither sectional nor racial but has been made against the rural child. Here indeed it is useless to expect equality of opportunity if we depend upon support through a local property tax alone.

My strongest protest, however, is against the complacency with which we have accepted the idea that rural education does not need to be up to the standard of urban education. We have accepted as a matter of course the fact that rural schools have, and may as well have, shorter terms than city schools; that rural teachers have, and may as well have, lower salaries; and that standards for rural teaching need not be as high as those for urban schools. It is not to be wondered at that the rural schools have felt the teacher shortage keenly.

If ever there was an Ishmael in the teaching profession, it is the rural school teacher. He hurries on to a job in the town schools as quickly as possible. If he fails to make the change promptly, he is looked upon as a failure in the teaching profession. Many city schools refuse to take teachers without previous experience; this tends to place the rural schools in the position of mere places in which to serve an apprenticeship. But apprenticeship in teaching should be had where supervision is most thorough. Reason does not point to the rural schools as places where work can be well supervised. Reason says that the teacher who is best prepared to carry on without much supervision is the one who should teach in the small rural school. Another strong factor in the dissatisfaction of rural teachers is the loneliness of life in the rural areas. The teachers have few opportunities for leisure-time activities or for cultural and professional development. It is the more urgent, accordingly, that we give them a professional status to compensate for these disadvantages.

Education for the Future

WE SHALL not have examined this matter of equal educational opportunity in all its aspects until we have considered higher education. Here too there is work to be done; here too there are adjustments to be made. In spite of our remarkable system of state universities and colleges, higher education is largely predicated on ability to pay. Many boys and girls have worked their way through college, it is true; but earning a living and getting a professional education at the same time is not an easy task and is often accomplished at the expense of health and quality of training. When we come to cherish our national resources of brains and ability as they should be cherished, we shall devise some way of making it easier to send all our able students on for advance training. It is time we stopped pouring the precious stones of genius into the pool of drudgery, semiskilled jobs, and blind alley jobs.

The world has not moved forward on the strength of armies but on the power of ideas. The great eras of history have been but demonstrations of these ideas. We are on the threshold of a new era. Who will lead, and what will the era lead to? This is being determined to a large degree by what we are doing today to conserve and utilize all our human resources. Ironing out the inequalities of opportunity for America's children is a first step toward making an "America strong, with spirit free."

—VIRGINIA MERGES KLETZER, *President, National Congress of Parents and Teachers*



Frontiers



Sewing for Soldiers. The arrival of the Army Air Forces in Atlantic City gave the parent-teacher associations of Atlantic County a grand opportunity to be of service to the soldier boys and at the same time to enlarge their emergency war program.



As we watched the thousands of men marching and drilling, we noticed that many of them seemed uncomfortable in their ill-fitting uniforms. A few personal questions disclosed the fact that having garments repaired at a tailor's was expensive; that pay day was an "unknown quantity" because of sudden shifts from camp to camp; that money received from relatives was spent at the cleaners' because of dirt and dust collected from daily drilling; and that inspection was a nightmare, usually resulting in K.P. imposed for poor appearance.

We determined to do something about it. Rapid action followed. An emergency conference, a visit to military headquarters, a tentative acceptance of our offer, a letter of introduction to the commanders of the various hotels (with a discouraging clause giving them a choice of accepting or refusing our services), a visit to the commander of the first hotel, a doubt in his eyes, his final yielding to a mother's persuasive powers, a special meeting of the emergency war chairmen, an outline of the project, a unanimous acceptance of the plan, and a promise of cooperation—all these are memories now. But those were never-to-be-forgotten days.

Then the real work started. We called meetings; we asked for money to buy such supplies as thread, needles, pins, and buttons. We learned the rules and regulations of military tailoring by the trial and error method. We asked for sewing machines. We asked for irons to press the garments after they were repaired.

Meanwhile, we communicated with more and more squadron commanders and began to organize our sewing units. At present the score stands as follows:

We service eighteen of the biggest hotels in Atlantic City.

Two hundred and ninety-three members of different parent-teacher associations throughout the county are participating in the project. In the near future we expect to double that number, because more commanders are now asking for our services, more mothers are volunteering, and the teachers are getting organized to sew after school.

In the six weeks since we started we have altered and pressed 9,273 garments, with a saving to the men of over \$6,000. We shall double this within the next few weeks, for thousands of soldiers are now acquainted with the parent-teacher sewing project, and the amount of work is tremendous.

In the biggest hotels we work every day except Sunday from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. In the smaller ones we work four days a week.

All our work is free of charge. Each local parent-teacher association pays for the supplies it uses. The reaction of the soldiers is rather pathetic; they just stare at us when we hand them their repaired and pressed garments with a smile and a "no charge." They can't seem to understand how they "rate" something for nothing. Their gratitude is flattering.

We shorten and lengthen trousers and shirt sleeves; sew on chevrons and insignia; shorten overcoats, raincoats, flight jackets, and dress jackets; adjust trousers at the waist; put on hooks for whistles; mend torn clothes; sew on braid; repair overseas caps; press finished garments; take out rust and ink spots; and give all service with a smile and an encouraging word.

We laugh and smile a great deal, in fact, and we receive just as many smiles in return. We not only fit and mend garments; we also alter dispositions and change moods—a real accomplishment today.

Weekly reports are made of our work, with lists of our workers' names and addresses. These go to the local military headquarters and to the In-

telligence Department for regular checking up.

The Army officials are delighted with our presence in the hotels. They say that our words of cheer and our interest in the welfare and appearance of the soldiers help to brighten the military atmosphere and to improve the men's morale.

To show their appreciation, the military authorities have ordered lunch to be served every day to our workers. They removed a sewing machine mechanic from their shipping list and gave him to us to service our machines. He keeps them in perfect working order, which prevents production from slowing down and saves us a great deal of extra expense.

During a recent visit to headquarters I was told that every unit participating in the project will receive a scroll of honor in appreciation of services rendered.

Our husbands are also cooperating in an unexpected manner. They help with the dinner and the dishes when we come home late from the hotel; they answer the telephone and take messages. They collect and deliver magazines, records, sewing machines, clothes hangers, and racks for finished garments. And they don't complain!

We even have a number of teacher chairmen, who supervise their sewing units after school hours.

However, the toughest part of this project is not the work. It is to approach one of our hotels and see the inevitable convoy of khaki-colored trucks ready to take away, to destinations unknown, the boys whom we have met, helped, and learned to like. But, like these brave soldiers themselves, we are learning to "take it." New faces and more garments are awaiting us, and we are ready to continue our humble but genuine tasks.

—ROSE DRELL

War Work in Michigan. Michigan has become one of the great centers of war production. The trend of parent-teacher work, accordingly, is turning toward problems engendered by the war. The organization of block mothers is rapidly being completed. As is usual with the parent-teacher association, which adapts its work to the particular local situation, the



block mother plan in different localities takes on different forms.

In Saginaw, for example, block mothers have been appointed and are already prepared to assume responsibility for the care of children both during air raids and on any occasion when there is need. This includes the supervision of children whose mothers are employed.

In Grand Rapids the block mother organization

has up to now acted chiefly as a survey group. Its purpose is to study the situation in the immediate neighborhood and to report to the proper social agencies any condition or problem that concerns children. Future plans include appointment of the type of block mother whose home is designated, as in Saginaw, with the official sticker of the National Congress—the "open house" to which children may turn in case of an unexpected blackout or air raid.

Block mothers are in no sense air raid wardens. Their duties will not overlap in any way those of the women who serve as air raid wardens, although there will be close contact between the two groups.

Block mothers in Detroit, too, are being organized; but there will probably be a much less complete coverage there, because the Victory Aids of the Office of Civilian Defense are so well organized that block mothers will be appointed only when and where there is a definite need.

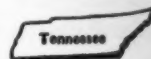
Others aspects of war work are receiving full attention. The Saginaw Council of Parent-Teacher Associations cooperated, earlier in the year, in the formation of a blood bank. The Grand Rapids Council aided in the sugar rationing program and in the bond pledge campaign.

The war activities chairman of the Michigan Congress is working very closely with those responsible for state defense plans. She has had conferences with the officer in charge of the Office of Civilian Defense and with the heads of the air raid division and the service division. It is felt that this close contact will prevent duplication of effort and at the same time make available the facilities of the organization in carrying out such plans as will affect children.

All this should not be understood to indicate that the Michigan Congress is forgetting its regular work. The Juvenile Protection committee contemplates a greatly enlarged and intensified program. The Recreation Committee will vary its program, with considerable emphasis on family and neighborhood recreation projects. Other committees obviously affected by war conditions, such as Parent Education, Nutrition, School Education, and Citizenship, will combine war activities with their regular work wherever indicated. A special committee on nursery schools has been formed.

—KARLA V. PARKER

Ammunition for War and Peace. The United States has always been a country of many resources, not the least of which is food. And yet, from the beginning of our history, foreign visitors have commented on the unwisdom of American food habits. Toward the beginning of the nineteenth



century a Frenchman named Volney awarded us the grand prize for a scheme of living calculated to injure the general health. An Englishman, Thomas Ashe, in 1806 attributed the physical infirmities of the American people to their poor diet. Half a century later, Charles Dickens portrayed the American people as "dyspeptic individuals who bolted their food in wedges," describing some of them as "spare men with lank and rigid cheeks, glazed and fishy eyes" whose handshakes ran the gamut from hot to cold and from moist to dry. These and other adverse criticisms are, alas! valid even today.

In the great global war that threatens civilization at present there stands behind the gun or in the bombing plane an indispensable factor—*manpower*. And behind manpower there must be *food power*, for in the truest sense *food is power*! Nutrition is a national, a state, a county, and even an individual problem of supreme importance in the crisis now confronting the democracies of the world.

In order to "do its bit" in this national emergency, the Tennessee Congress of Parents and Teachers has thrown its solid support behind a state-wide nutrition program. Into the nearly six thousand elementary schools and five hundred high schools of Tennessee there will be placed, jointly by the State Department of Public Health and the State Department of Education, nutrition kits containing from twenty to thirty scientific pamphlets or bulletins on various phases of nutrition. Each kit is accompanied with a printed "teacher's guide" for assisting the teacher in classroom presentation.

Realizing that the best results can be achieved only when parent, teacher, and pupil all "pull together," the Tennessee Congress adopted and incorporated into its annual course of study an intensive study program consisting of four lessons on nutrition. These lessons are as follows: I. The Nutrition Problem from the National, State, and Personal Viewpoint. II. Feeding the Family Well. III. Feeding the Family Well (continued). IV. Building and Maintaining Sound Nutrition for the Child.

Each lesson is broken down into at least three basic factors: *Content*, dealing with certain fundamental facts; *Activities*, outlining methods, plans, and procedures; and *Selected References*, showing just where authentic information may be obtained.

In the belief that the nutrition program, a child of war, may become the parent of peace, the Tennessee Congress of Parents and Teachers subscribes wholeheartedly to the slogan on the *Teacher's Guide*: "Ammunition for War and Peace."

—REBECCA D. DUNN

Children in War Zones

PARENTS of American children, when they feel deprived or limited by the slight sacrifices thus far demanded of them by the war, might do well to consider the heartbreaking plight of children in other parts of the world today, giving most humble thanks for the comparative safety and security of American boys and girls up to the present. For this is a total war, and a total war spares neither soldier nor civilian, neither adult nor child.

In Greece, it is reported, nine of every ten newborn babies die within a few days for lack of nourishment.

Czech children—those who are not actually starving—are fed mostly on rough cabbage, bread, and potatoes, and the allowance even of these is being steadily reduced.

In a Polish village not long ago, school children were taken from school by Nazi guards and forced "for the sake of the moral lesson" to witness mass executions on a row of gallowses set up in the public square. The fathers of some of these children were among those executed.

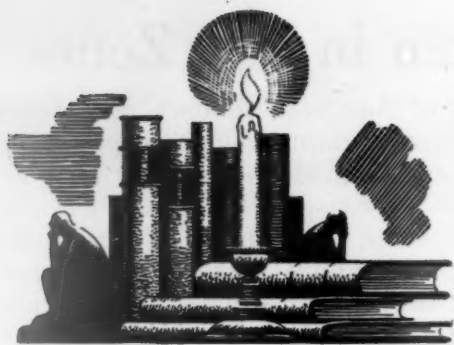
In southern England very recently, a small boys' school was bombed. More than twenty of the boys, together with their headmaster and an assistant teacher, were buried in a single grave.

It would be comforting to add that such things are rare. But it would not be true. Such things are happening constantly all over occupied Europe. Children as well as adults have met war face to face. And again and again these children have displayed a tremendous and moving courage.

For instance, an uprising of school children nine and ten years old was instrumental in causing Yugoslavia to break with the Axis. According to a well-informed war correspondent, these children revolted against an agreement of the Yugoslavian government with Germany, which provided that the Fuehrer's picture be hung in every Yugoslavian classroom. The boys tore down the pictures and destroyed them; the Premier ordered the schools closed; and the boys then conducted a sit-down strike. Inspired by their courage, their parents supported their action, and ultimately Yugoslavia broke with Germany.

The Axis consistently uses children as weapons of war. Entering an occupied country, its forces interrupt the work of the schools and set up a sort of "education dictator" to instill Axis principles into the minds of all young children.

These are but a few brief glimpses of what is happening to children of other lands. Our own children are happily exempt—so far. We cannot and dare not refuse to do any part of what must be done so that they may remain exempt.



BOOKS *in Review*

CHILDREN'S BOOKS IN WARTIME BRITAIN

I HAVE just returned from a visit to the most interesting collection of children's books I have seen this year. It is not large; that is one of its significant features. The books are not magnificent, compared with those you will see in our own shops during the coming Book Week—and that, too, is significant. For I have just been examining with delight a selection of the children's books published, this year, in wartime England.

Consider under what conditions they were produced! To begin with, twenty-five million books have been destroyed by enemy action in Britain since this war began. If that figure is too astronomical to take in, begin a little lower by realizing what it meant when nearly six million were destroyed in one night—the night that Paternoster Row, headquarters of publishing, went up in flames. Besides, there is a terrific shortage of paper; every tiny bit of scrap is saved and repulped over and over. Think of that when you see the grayish color, the rough texture, of these pages, and the narrow margins that are necessary to get a story into as few pages as possible without losing any of the precious words. The type is wonderfully good in all these children's books—even when it must be smaller than formerly it is clear and easy on the eyes—and the pictures are always good, though the color work must be inexpensive. All these books are and must be inexpensive, for there is little money to spend. But the point is that money is being spent in England on children's books as one of the prime necessities of wartime life.

BEGINNING with the new picture-story-books of England, the first thing we notice is that a new kind of pet, a new sort of fairy-tale creature, has come into children's literature in Britain. It is the barrage balloon. The last sunset I saw in London, two days before war was declared, was tinging with lovely colors the silver sides of some sixty of these plump, cozy fellows, like fat floating fish in the sky. Whenever you looked up, you saw them and knew they were taking care of you in a comfortable sort of way. Children who had seen them inflated in practice drills and rising from city parks and squares looked on them as community pets. No wonder one of the first picture-books of the war was the tale of "Bulgy the Barrage Balloon" who floated off by himself, caught up a spy in his guide rope and dropped him into a prickly gorse bush, tangled with an enemy plane and brought it down, and was finally borne home in triumph by the famous train "Coronation Scot," in jolly blue-and-white pictures. It is a modern fairy tale, and so is "Blossom the Brave Balloon," the

story of a baby balloon whose portrait among soft clouds is like a plump infant's on a down pillow; or "The Adventures of Johnny Balloon," in which Johnny, who used to be tethered over Kensington Gardens, grew so lonely for the children there that when they were evacuated to the country he broke his rope and floated after them. You should see the pet they make of Johnny in Cornwall; the picture of three little beds in the nursery with the balloon tucked into one of them is a scene any little child finds adorable. And there's "Nelson, the King's Kite," whose hero is one of the balloons tethered to ships that go in a convoy. Always there is the idea of protection.

ANOTHER significant feature is the number of very cheap but charming books about the country; so many children were evacuated from thickly populated cities to a countryside of which they knew no more than a tenement baby in New York knows of a cow, that the Puffin Books—young relatives of the famous Penguins—came into being to tell them about the country in simple words and pictures in four bright colors—for ninepence apiece. One is on insects, another on flowers of the hedgerows, and so on. One of these Puffins, immensely popular in England, is "The Story of the U.S.A.," a brief history for a beginner, illustrated in four colors on every page. My copy is showing signs of wear now, for everybody examines it so carefully and with such wonder. There are, as usual, good stories of animals. These too have a war slant; "Moidi the Refugee Cow" is an amusing one about a bossy the rest of the herd thought a spy; and how she saved the farm from an incendiary bomb.

Adventure stories for girls go in strong for war work: "Worral of the WAAF's," for instance, or a good one about the Land Army, "Peggy Speeds the Plough." If the young heroines catch a few spies or rescue an aviator meanwhile, well, that might happen to any one in wartime. For every boy or girl in England old enough to read adventure stories is looking forward to taking an active part in the great struggle.

These books may be found at the New York headquarters of *Books Across the Sea*, at the English Speaking Union, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. This unique society carries on a two-way exchange of books published since the war made importation difficult. People come in to consult these books for all sorts of purposes. The stout-hearted children who will take up the work of the next generation are reading them now, in dark days when paper is scarce and money scarcer. For the most encouraging thing about these children's books is that they are so much in demand in wartime England that they sell out in no time!

—MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Book Review Editor, New York Herald-Tribune

WHAT CHILDREN ARE READING IN AMERICA

(Children's Book Week—November 15 to 21)

TWELVE PICTURE BOOKS

Jesus' Story. The Petershams. Text from the King James version of the New Testament. Color plates. Macmillan; \$1.50. 6 up.

The Star-Spangled Banner. The D'Aulaires. Text by the authors. Five-color lithographs. Doubleday, Doran; \$2. By the winners of the Caldecott Medal. 6-9.

Just So Stories. Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated in color by Fedor Rojankovsky. Garden City; 50c each. How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin, How the Camel Got His Hump, How the Leopard Got His Spots, The Elephant's Child. For the first time, these classics for small children have the right pictures.

The Tall Book of Mother Goose. Illustrated in color by Fedor Rojankovsky. Harper; \$1. Unusual format, 12¼ in. high by 5½ wide; funny lithographs, 50 in full color, 100 black and white.

Pancho and the Bull with the Crooked Tail. The Haders. Macmillan; \$2. Funny story of a little Mexican boy's bright idea; pictures in color. 6 up.

Penny and the White Horse. Margery Bianco. Illustrated in four colors by Marjory Collison. Messner; \$2. A little girl's adventure with a merry-go-round horse of unusual charm. 6 up.

Tree-in-the-Trail. Holling C. Holling. Illustrated by the author. Houghton Mifflin; \$2. A tree that lived two centuries; large full-color pictures. 7-12.

Speedy, the Hook and Ladder Truck. Edith Hurd. Pictures in color by Clement Hurd. Lothrop; \$1.25. Truck in the N. Y. City Fire Department: lively story with pictures for machine-loving little boys.

Mr. Tootwhistle's Invention. Story and pictures by Peter Wells. Winston; \$1. Universally pleasing humorous picture-story; won Herald Tribune's Spring Festival prize. 6-10.

The Tenggren Tell-It-Again Book Stories. Katherine Gibson. Colored pictures by Gustaf Tenggren. Little, Brown; \$2.50. Twenty-eight famous stories gracefully retold, with large original paintings reproduced in full color.

Saturday Ride. Ethel Wright. Illustrated by Richard Rose. William R. Scott; \$1. Companion to popular "Saturday Walk"; in brilliant colors, it records an overnight trip on a train.

Thank You! Edith F. Ackley. Illustrated in color by Tarka Ackley. Stokes; 75c. 3-6. Tiny book with happy effect on nursery manners.

SEVEN FANTASIES

Who Goes to the Wood. Fay Inchfawn. Illustrated by Diana Thorne. Winston; \$2. A duck, a mouse, and other unusual creatures—for the duck writes poetry—in a charmingly fantastic tale.

Mr. Bumps and His Monkey. Walter De La Mare. Illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop. Winston; \$2. Jolly sailorman and "the world's most wonderful monkey"; beautifully told.

Pretender's Island. Ursula Moray Williams. Illustrated by Joyce Bisley. Knopf; \$1.75. Real children and

true make-believe in a story of little evacuees in an English village. Admirable idea, well carried out.

Hi-po the Hippo. Story by Dorothy Thomas. Lithographs by Ruth Gannett in four colors. Random House; \$3. Large, comic scenes in which animals carry out a family anecdote.

Twig. Story and pictures by Elizabeth Orton Jones. Macmillan; \$2. Little girl makes herself small and creates a world in the backyard.

Secret of the Ancient Oak. Wolo. Illustrated by the author in color. Morrow; \$2. A significant fable for six-year-olds.

Indoor Noisy Book. Margaret Wise Brown. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Scott; \$1. Little dog must distinguish objects by sound alone. Excellent for training the hearing of very small children.

SEVEN STORIES OF FAMILY LIFE AND CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES

Happy Times in Norway. Sigrid Undset. Knopf; \$2. Her own childhood before the Nazis came. Highly important.

The Middle Moffatt. Eleanor Estes. Illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. Harcourt, Brace; \$2. Continuing the much-praised story of the Moffatt family.

Snow Treasure. Marie McSwigan. Illustrated by Mary Reardon. Dutton; \$2. Based on an event in Norway; thrilling and reliable.

The Chinese Children Next Door. Pearl Buck. Illustrated by William Arthur Smith. John Day; \$1.50. True story of the author's childhood.

Bibi the Baker's Horse. Anna Bird Stewart. Illustrated by Catherine Richter. Lippincott; \$2. Avignon before the war, its happy life and friendly animals; scenes in color from life.

Bright Morning. Margery Bianco. Illustrated by Margaret Platt. Viking; \$2.50. Merry story of two little girls in Victorian London and Brighton.

Those Happy Golden Years. Laura Ingalls Wilder. Illustrated. Harper; \$2. Concluding an autobiographical series deservedly popular.

SEVEN STORIES FROM HISTORY

Herodia the Lovely Puppet. Katharine Milhous. Illustrated by the author. Scribner; \$2. Based on an incident in old Pennsylvania.

Tom Whipple. Walter D. Edmonds. Illustrated by Paul Lantz. Dodd, Mead; \$2. Yankee boy sees the world. 10-14.

Journey Cake. Isabel McMeekin. Messner; \$2. A pioneer story that won the Ford \$2,000 prize.

The Matchlock Gun. Walter D. Edmonds. Illustrated by Paul Lantz. Dodd, Mead; \$2. 10-14. Won the Newbery Award for 1942.

New Town in Texas. Siddie Joe Johnson. Illustrated by Margaret Ayer. Longmans; \$2.25. When the first railroad ran from Missouri. 10-14.

Younger Brother. Charlie May Simon. Illustrated. Dutton; \$2. Cherokee Indian tale, 1821, involving the Cherokee alphabet.

Old Liberty Bell. Alice Beard and Frances Rogers. Illustrated by the authors. Stokes; \$1.50. History in narrative form.

TEN BOOKS WITH PICTURES FOR UNDER TEN

Gabriel Churchkitten. Words and amusing pictures by Margot Austin. Dutton; \$1.

A Wartime Handbook for Young Americans. Munro Leaf. Illustrated by the author. Stokes; \$1.25. Highly important; lively presentation to children as young as 7 or 8 of what the war is about, how they can help, and why their help is valuable.

Hundreds and Hundreds of Pancakes. Story and drawings by Audrey Chalmers. Viking; \$1. Nonsense story with many ludicrous pictures.

The Runaway Train. Creighton Peet. Holt; \$1.50. By photographing an electric toy train, in outdoor full-size surroundings, a story is made for locomotive-loving small boys.

The Little House. Story and pictures by Virginia Lee Burton. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.25.

The Little Red Lighthouse and Great Gray Bridge. Hildgarde Swift. Illustrated in color by Lynd Ward. Harcourt-Brace; \$1.75. Fanciful story of George Washington Bridge, by the author of "Little Blacknose."

Story of the Great Lakes. Marie Gilchrist. Color lithographs by C. H. DeWitt. Harper; \$1. One of a valuable series of information books whose large pictures are in brilliant colors.

Polly Peters. Jane Quigg. Illustrated by Pelagie Doane. Oxford; \$1.25. Six-year-old at the seashore; easy reading.

Who Wants an Apple? Quail Hawkins. Illustrated by the Granahans. Holiday House; \$1. 4-7. For very easy reading; about a little girl whose family is moving.

The Wishing Window. Hortense Flexner. Illustrated by Wyncie King. Stokes; \$1.50. Two children in occupied France. Told with rare discrimination.

M.L.B.

Parent-Teacher Study Course Outlines

Study courses directed by ADA HART ARLITT

AMERICA PITCHES IN

Article: FLORA McFLIMSEY HAD NOTHING TO WEAR—By Clarice L. Scott. (See Page 26)

I. Pertinent Points

1. The more sensible and the more patriotic the mother of the family, the more ways she finds to make use of what she has and to "make it do."
2. It is hardly ever the big article or the large sum of money that we waste; the leaks are usually in places so small that we tend to overlook them. "A penny saved is a penny earned" is one of the axioms devised to teach people this significant fact.
3. Getting the most out of life with the least equipment can and should be a great adventure. To make a useful article or a delicious dish out of material that seemed useless or tasteless is a task that offers a real outlet to all of the homemaker's creative ability.

II. Questions to Promote Discussion

1. What are some of the ways in which the community may cooperate to prevent waste?
2. How can the family work together to prevent waste and to make the most of what they have?
3. What are some ways in which deprivations due to war can be made an adventure instead of a drudging necessity?
4. How can parent-teacher associations work with families to help them make the most of what they have, and how can parent-teacher programs be organized to make the greatest possible contribution to the welfare of homes during the war?

References:

- Brindze, Ruth: *Stretching Your Dollar in Wartime*. New York: Vanguard Press.
- Women's Dresses and Slips*. Washington, D. C.: U.S. Department of Agriculture, Farmer's Bulletin No. 1851.
- Hosiery for Women*. Washington, D. C.: U.S. Department of Agriculture. Miscellaneous Publication No. 342. Price 10c.
- Consumer Prices*. Washington, D. C.: Office of Price Administration, Consumer Division. Free to group leaders on request.

BABIES IN WARTIME

Article: WHY HAVE FEARS?—By Milton E. Kirkpatrick, M.D. (See Page 8)

I. Pertinent Points

1. A wholesome respect for danger and caution in regard to dangerous situations are important mental attitudes to develop. In children, however, sheer fright has no value at any time.
2. One of the major functions of parents is to give their children a sense of security. The child who feels secure meets new people and new situations with little if any fear and is therefore able to adjust to them.
3. War conditions have produced more than the usual number of fears and anxieties in children. A well-planned program of activities in which the child can always engage in times of crisis and an attitude of calm and security on the part of the parents are all-important in helping children to meet the stresses of war.

II. Questions to Promote Discussion

1. If fears are not instinctive, how do children acquire them?
2. What are some ways of meeting the fears and anxieties brought about by the present war?
3. How may parents work together to develop the integrated type of family living on which their children's security depends?
4. How may fears in children be overcome?
5. What are some ways in which parent-teacher associations can contribute to the security and stability of the home and of the community as a whole?

References:

- Dixon, D. Madeleine: *Keep Them Human*. New York: The John Day Company.
- Jersild, Arthur T.: "Fear and Anger in Children," *National Parent-Teacher*, February 1942.
- Childs, Marquis W.: *This Is Your War*. New York: Little Brown.
- Peabody, May: *Parents Prepare: Maintaining Family Morale in Wartime*. New York: State Education Department, Albany. Free.

Around the Editor's Table

AS THIS issue of the *National Parent-Teacher* was about to go to press, the following material, prepared by Jane Maggard Speck, came in from the American Red Cross. Because of the great importance of Army and Navy nurse recruitment at present, and also because of the pertinence of this particular plea, it was decided that readers of the Magazine would concur wholeheartedly in the decision to release the November page to this great cooperating organization. Miss Speck's presentation follows.

• • • • •

SHORTLY AFTER the war that they thought would always be "the" war, two young women gave birth to babies. One had a girl, whom she named Helen. Helen's mother was glad the baby was a girl, for if there ever was another war she wouldn't have to go. The other mother had a boy, who was called Jack. Jack's mother was thankful that the war to end war was over, so that Jack wouldn't have to fight.

It was just twenty-three years later that Helen, graduating from nursing school, joined the Red Cross First Reserve. "If there's a war, our men will need the best nursing care. If I join the Red Cross Reserve, which is the official recruiting agency for Army and Navy nurses, I'll be ready when they want me," Helen told her mother. When Jack finished college he said he wasn't going to wait to be drafted. In case of war he wanted to be ready.

Both mothers thought back twenty-three years to the hopes they had had for their babies. These hopes had been blasted forever by the new war; but now they were proud of their children's patriotism. That was before Pearl Harbor—before Jack and Helen, at opposite ends of the continent, received orders to sail for Australia. The two mothers, also at opposite ends of the continent, found their pride mingled with fear.

"If Jack is injured will he get good care?" his mother thought. And Helen's mother, worried too, asked herself: "Will Helen be all right? Will she be able to stand the strain? How will she live?"

If Jack's mother knew that girls like Helen are on hand to give him the best nursing care in the world . . . If Helen's mother realized that much of the responsibility for the fighting men's health rests on shoulders like Helen's . . .

JACK'S MOTHER should know that only the very best nurses in the nation are chosen by the Army and the Navy, mostly from the rolls of the Red Cross First Reserve. These nurses must be between the ages of 21 and 40, in the prime of their professional lives; unmarried; graduates of nursing schools approved by the Red Cross; and in tip-top physical condition. Jack's mother needn't worry about the sort of hospitals her son may be in. Army hospitals are the finest possible. Even if Jack is injured in action far from a medical center, or if the hospital is bombed, the chances are he will still get expert nursing care. Lack of facilities doesn't hinder ingenious Army nurses. Think of those on Bataan, who had only a jungle for a hospital! They improvised equipment out of the material on hand and saved many lives.

What about Helen's mother? Reading about the heroism of these girls who nursed in a bomb-pocked jungle does not comfort her. But she can rest assured that nurses do not habitually inhabit jungles. By far the majority of them are housed in lovely quarters—far superior to the average civilian nurse's quarters—at modern Army posts. They not only give care; they get it. Dental and medical attention is part of the Army nurse's maintenance. If she is disabled in the course of duty, she is retired with pay for life. Her pay—\$90 per month—isn't astounding; but since it includes an issue of uniforms, full maintenance, and traveling expenses, it is quite adequate. Helen is receiving twenty per cent more because she is overseas.

Will Helen be in Australia for the duration? her mother wonders. There is no telling; being an Army nurse, she'll go wherever the Army goes.

Of course, a great many of the nurses are serving in modern hospitals and medical centers throughout the nation. Foreign duty is still optional but, like Helen, most nurses volunteer. They want to be where they can do the most good.

FROM LETTERS, Helen's mother learns that her daughter finds her job completely satisfying. "Sometimes just a few words of comfort can do more than all the medicine in the world. It gives one a feeling of great responsibility."

Jack's mother would like to read that. She'd feel that in a small way Helen was taking her place. Helen's mother would be proud to know the comfort her daughter could give to other mothers.

Helen's mother is also interested to hear that her daughter finds Army service broadening; that the nurses change to different services every few months and get a variety of experience. She's relieved to know that it isn't all work and no play—after all Helen is only twenty-five and a normal girl. She writes that, being an officer (she begins as a second lieutenant), she gets in on all the social activity at the post. She says that there is a bond of loyalty, friendship, and cooperation between those in the service that she has never found elsewhere.

Her letters have a certain gayety, proving that she's finding adventure while doing her duty. "On the boat," she writes, "we hardly ever thought of war. The music, the gayety, the fun, reminded us all of home and what we are fighting for."

Censorship forbids Helen to write about her actual work, but she does write:

"Regret the day I signed up with the Red Cross Reserve? I should say not. I don't understand how any nurse who is eligible for Army or Navy service can fail to volunteer. If you could only see how nurses are needed, how much we can do to take the horror out of war! I know it is hard for you at home to get along without nurses, but if you could see the bravery of these men you'd know they are worth any sacrifice on the part of those at home."

If they could read these words, Jack's and Helen's mothers would agree. The Army and the Navy need 3,000 nurses a month, and mothers, even if they have no Jacks or Helens, will see that they get them.

MOTION PICTURE PREVIEWS

ONE of the greatest problems confronting us as parents today, when most of the world is involved in war, is to keep within our homes and communities a feeling of security. The motion picture, because of its vivid and intense dramatic power in the presentation of news reels and films dealing with war, may add greatly to the emotional insecurity of children if it is not wisely used. Parents should be aware of this fact in selecting films for their children's entertainment.

These film reviews will help in making a selection, but here are some things parents should do after the selection is made:

- Plan the children's screen entertainment in advance, and make the fine film a special family treat, just as if it were a fine concert.
- Shop intelligently for the family's screen entertainment, and go with the children.
- Make the motion picture a constructive force in child life.
- Consider the film only as an occasional form of entertainment for the adolescent. A child of this age should have a maximum of creative recreation and outdoor play.
- Permit no motion picture programs at all for children under eight years of age (or older, if they are nervous), because of the strain on eyes and nerves, the emotional stimulation, and the premature exposure to adult problems.
- Learn to evaluate the film so as to discuss it intelligently with the children.
- Fit the film to the child. In order to do this, parents must know each child physically, mentally, and emotionally.
- Be on the alert to detect efforts on the part of theater managers to exploit children. Efforts are often made to entice children into the theater by gifts, serials, or special stage acts. A commercial motive lies back of all this. Realizing that "we do not get something for nothing," parents should not be gullible.
- If the theater is billing two feature films, telephone and ask the time of showing of the picture they wish to see, thus avoiding an hour or more of boredom.

—RUTH B. HEDGES

PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF RUTH B. HEDGES,
MOTION PICTURE CHAIRMAN OF THE CALIFORNIA
CONGRESS, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF HYPATIA GORDON
PARVIS, REPORT CHAIRMAN

FAMILY

Across the Pacific—Warner Bros. Direction, John Huston. A wartime adventure melodrama with fast, thrilling action and a suspenseful story in which a representative of the intelligence department (almost single-handed) accomplishes the impossible. The acting, photography, and background music are good; the dialogue is well written. Cast: Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Sidney Greenstreet, Charles Halton.

Adults	14-18	8-14
Diverting	Diverting	Tense

Eyes in the Night—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Direction, Fred Zinneman. Thrilling melodrama, excellently produced, and with timely wartime motivation. Ann Harding is as lovely and charming as ever; Edward Arnold, as a blind detective, gives a good performance; and the supporting cast is well selected. Miss Harding is suitably cast as the wife of a successful inventor of military equipment. She is misunderstood and distrusted by her grown-up stepdaughter, who is allowing herself to be used by a subversive group as a tool to gain entrance into her home and take possession of her father's secret. The picture is very tense, but in no way objectionable otherwise. Cast: Edward Arnold, Ann Harding, Donna Reed, Horace McNally.

Adults	14-18	8-14
Good	Thrilling	Too tense

For Me And My Gal—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Direction, Busby Berkeley. Entertaining social drama with a vaudeville background and good music and dancing. The action is motivated by the conditions of World War I, and many of the songs are of that period. Judy Garland gives a good performance in a sympathetic and dramatic role, and she is well supported by the cast. The story tells of the loves, ambitions, and disappointments of three vaudeville players. Cast: Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy, Ben Blue.

Adults	14-18	8-14
Good	Good	Mature

George Washington Slept Here—Warner Bros. Direction, William Keighley. A hilarious farce-comedy punctuated with slapstick and the Jack Benny humor of radio popularity. The story, adapted from the well-known stage play, is amusing and well presented. Acting and direction are good. A New York couple (the husband much against his will) move from a modern apartment to a tumbledown farm house where George Washington is reputed to have slept. The action concerns the difficulties they encounter in attempting to make it livable. Cast: Jack Benny, Ann Sheridan, Charles Coburn, William Tracy.

Adults	14-18	8-14
Amusing	Amusing	Probably amusing

Girl Trouble—20th Century-Fox. Direction, Harold Schuster. Many hilarious sequences highlight this elaborately set and excellently acted social comedy. It is lightly treated, and the direction is marked by clever, amusing touches. Based on a project to promote the manufacture of a rubber substitute, the action stresses the "girl trouble" that assails the young South American representative when he arrives in New York on a trade mission. Cast: Don Ameche, Joan Bennett, Billie Burke, Alan Dinehart.

Adults	14-18	8-14
Amusing	Amusing	Mature

The Major and the Minor—Arthur Hornblow, Jr. Direction, Billy Wilder. Effervescent farce-comedy with a military academy background, presenting Ginger Rogers in an amusing role as a twelve-year-old. The humorous story is developed with originality and an up-to-the-minute understanding of adolescent slants and angles. Being anxious to go home but lacking money for an adult ticket, a young lady masquerades as a child in order to travel half-fare. She finds that, true to the proverb, a first deception leads to a "tangled web." Cast: Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland, Rita Johnson, Robert Benchley.

Adults	14-18	8-14
Amusing	Amusing	Possibly

My Sister Eileen—Columbia Pictures Corp. Direction, Alexander Hall. Amusing throughout, this social comedy has some hilarious sequences and much fresh, pungent, epigrammatic dialogue. From Ruth McKenney's life slices, this story of two sisters—one a writer and the other aspiring to become an actress—has been cleverly adapted to the screen. Arriving in New York with \$100 on which to start their careers, the girls take a basement studio in colorful Greenwich Village. The steady flow of eccentric persons who, in a free and easy manner, frequent their studio home amuses and amazes not only the sisters but the audience as well. Rosalind Russell is excellent as the intelligent, plain sister, and Janet Blair, as the lovely, not-so-smart younger sister, is almost equally good. Cast: Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, Janet Blair, George Tobias.

Adults	14-18	8-14
Amusing	Amusing	Probably amusing

The Omaha Trail—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Direction, Edward Buzzell. A better than average western which, although slow-moving for the most part, has some exciting moments. The story is of railroad pioneering, and the action concerns the transporting of a railroad engine by ox train across the Indian-occupied country to a small railroad west of Omaha. Cast: James Craig, Pamela Blake, Dean Jagger, Edward Ellis.

Adults	14-18	8-14
Western	Good	Exciting

Springtime in the Rockies—20th Century-Fox. Direction, William LeBaron. This light musical comedy, filmed in Technicolor, is good "escape" entertainment. The colorful swimming pool and dance hall settings supply an attractive background, and the song and dance routines are elaborately executed. The trite, inconsequential story is of the jealousy between a dancer and his partner sweetheart. Betty Grable is well cast; Charlotte Greenwood and Edward Everett Horton, as a comedy team, add many a chuckle; and Carmen Miranda gives the picture a spirited flash of gay song and exotic amusement. Cast: Betty Grable, John Payne, Carmen Miranda, Cesar Romero.

Adults	14-18	8-14
Entertaining	Entertaining	Possibly

World at War—U. S. Government. Written and produced by Samuel Spewack. This, the first feature length film to be issued by the Government, has great value as a historical record. It is made up of sequences, selected from the newsreels and military records of the United States, England, France, Japan, Russia, and Germany. The photography necessarily varies in quality, but the narration is excellent throughout and imparts to the whole an impressive continuity. Beginning with the invasion of Manchuria and ending with the attack on Pearl Harbor, it shows the bombing of London, Warsaw, and Rotterdam, and the strafing of helpless civilians attempting to escape.

Adults	14-18	8-14
Interesting	Tense	Too tense

ADULT

The Hard Way—Warner Bros. Direction, Vincent Sherman. An absorbing problem melodrama with a New York stage background and an excellent cast. The rather somber story is of ruthless ambition and the tragedy it brings into the lives of two sisters. The older, a cool, scheming woman, leaves her husband and relentlessly forces her pretty, naive sister into a stage career, letting nothing stand in the way of success, until she herself is crushed as mercilessly as she has crushed others. The characterizations are convincing, and production and direction are good. Cast: Ida Lupino, Dennis Morgan, Joan Leslie, Jack Carson.

Adults	14-18	8-14
Excellent of the type	Mature	No

Man in the Trunk—20th Century-Fox. Direction, Mal St. Clair. This murder mystery is neither entertaining nor suspenseful, and it is decidedly unethical. A man, condemned to the electric chair for murder, is cleared by evidence unearthed by the ghost of the victim. Prominent throughout is the trunk containing the victim, and its presence and the casual treatment accorded it are most distasteful. Cast: J. Carrol Naish, Lynn Roberts, George Holmes, Raymond Walburn.

Adults	14-18	8-14
Mediocre	No	No

The Moon and Sixpence—Loew-Lewin. Direction, Albert Lewin. This absorbing social drama is adapted from Somerset Maugham's book of the same name and follows the original closely, although the ending is somewhat softened. The casting is excellent, and the characterizations are finely drawn. The picture is well produced, and the South Sea settings are attractively photographed. This is the strange story of Charles Strickland, a quiet family man (English) who, in his forties, suddenly breaks all ties and goes to Paris to study art, driven by a relentless urge to paint. Cruel and utterly ruthless in his obsession, he allows nothing to interfere. His story is told in flashback after his death from leprosy on the island of Tahiti. Cast: George Sanders, Herbert Marshall, Steve Geray, Doris Dudley.

Adults	14-18	8-14
Absorbing	Not recommended	No

White Cargo—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Direction, Richard Thorpe. This sordid story of the white men who went out to the rubber plantations on the east coast of Africa and of their deterioration through loneliness, humid heat, tormenting insects, and the wiles of the native women is produced with an all-around excellence and artistry worthy of a more inspiring subject. Beginning in a modernized present, with both whites and blacks working under favorable conditions, the action flashes back to 1910—the time of the story—when just the opposite conditions prevailed. Tondelayo, beautiful, dark-skinned, treacherous, and cruel, is convincingly acted by Hedy Lamarr. The several masculine characters are well cast and strongly played. Cast: Hedy Lamarr, Walter Pidgeon, Frank Morgan, Richard Carlson.

Adults	14-18	8-14
Entertaining	Not recommended	No

TIMELY SHORT SUBJECTS

A.T.C.A.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Miniature. Air training for high school boys interestingly presented, with an appeal for better understanding of its value.

Family

Combat Report—Extremely interesting and informative is this short subject, produced by the Academy Research Council for the Signal Corps, which shows the importance of each detail in the construction and operation of a bomber. Beginning with a bombing sequence, it refers back to the several plants where the essential parts are built and gives credit to each for successful military achievement.

Family

A Good Job—Delightfully produced and narrated human interest document, written and directed by William Saroyan, told from the viewpoint of the reminiscence grocer.

Family

Mr. Blabbermouth—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Special. Amusingly presented warning against the tendency to heed and repeat harmful (probably untrue) war rumors.

Family

A Ship is Born—Dramatic and absorbing is this story of the building of a merchant marine freighter and of the vital importance of such vessels (now known as "Victory Ships") in the war effort. Produced in cooperation with the U. S. Maritime Commission and the U. S. Coast Guard, it is authentic in every detail. Excellently written and narrated, it carries one spellbound through the building of the ship, the training of the crew, and the launching for active service.

Family

COMMUNITY LIFE IN A DEMOCRACY

Program Outline

(Based on Chapters I and II)*

Dramatic Situation

The Community Service Club luncheon was not yet under way, but lively groups of early comers were already discussing the topic of the meeting.

"Building Tomorrow's Community Today!" sputtered Judson Thorne, a veteran contractor. "Seems to me we're putting the cart before the horse. Got our hands plenty full right now just winning this war. I've got two boys overseas—"

A gentle-voiced clergyman interposed. "But that's just it, Jud," he said. "You've got two boys in this fight, and grand boys they are. But what is it they're fighting for? Jim's already married and has a little girl, and Stan will be getting married as soon as the war's over. Those boys of yours are offering everything they've got to hold on to the right kind of life for their children. It's up to us to see that we don't lose it for them while they're risking their lives to keep it."

"Right!" agreed a portly medico at the clergyman's side. "We doctors know something about the law of cause and effect. We know you can't neglect the beginning of a pathological condition and expect it to heal of itself. We know—"

"Help, somebody!" shouted jovial Jeff Thurston, the town's principal grocer. "Doc's talking shop. No fair, Doc. We—"

The chairman's gavel interrupted. "The meeting will come to order."

Fundamental Questions and Problems

1. What dynamic qualities of American democracy are evident in the foregoing episode?
2. What is the consensus of the members of your P.T.A. as to the importance of building tomorrow's community today?
3. What activities related to postwar planning are being carried out by your P.T.A.?
4. If you were serving on a committee whose task it was to develop blueprints for tomorrow's community, what recommendations would you make in relation to the school? The juvenile court? The child-placing agencies? The church? The social welfare agencies?

True or False

1. A nation that thinks only of today may or may not have a good present, but it certainly cannot have a good future.
2. In planning the community life of the future, no account need be taken of the conditions of community life in other communities, states, or nations.
3. The ideal community is one that embodies the highest and most productive forces, considered in terms of individual development and general human civilization.

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Contributors

LYLE W. ASHBY is a specialist in school education, active in numerous areas of his chosen field. He has become nationally known through his work as assistant director of the Division of Publications of the National Education Association. Dr. Ashby also serves the Educational Press Association as secretary. His writings have appeared frequently in leading educational magazines.

DOROTHY W. BARUCH is professor of education and director of preschool activities at the Broad Oaks School of Education, Whittier College. She is the author of many widely known juvenile books. Dr. Baruch's professional work has supplied an admirable background for her understanding attitude toward young children, as well as for her recent book *You, Your Children, and War*.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN is best known to the nation as a poet and a teacher of English. Among his parent-teacher readers he has still another reputation—that of a highly sensitive interpreter of the emotions of growing boys and girls, which he delineates in stories outstanding for their sympathy and the aptness of their characterizations.

MILTON E. KIRKPATRICK is a physician, psychologist, and psychiatrist of wide experience. His publications on the mental hygiene of children include *Some Factors in Truancy* and *The Function of the Psychiatric Clinic in the Juvenile Court*. Dr. Kirkpatrick is director of the Division on Community Clinics of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene and a member of many professional organizations.

PAUL R. MORT, of the faculty of Teachers College, Columbia University, is an authority in educational finance. He has done much important research and written many equally important books and articles on this subject. He is particularly interested in the equalization of educational opportunity through Federal aid to schools.

BONARO W. OVERSTREET, author, lecturer, and spokesman for adult education, is well known to *National Parent-Teacher* readers as a contributor of long standing. Her philosophy is well expressed in the current series of articles. Mrs. Overstreet finds her chief pleasures in writing and gardening.

CLARICE L. SCOTT, associate home economics specialist, Division of Textiles and Clothing, Bureau of Home Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture, is the author of many official pamphlet publications that have had nation-wide distribution. Among these are "Save Your Clothes" and "Buying Boys' Suits."

The following parent-teacher leaders are responsible for this month's "P.T.A. Frontiers": Mrs. Leonard G. Twitchell, President, New Jersey Congress, and Mrs. Tully Drell, Emergency War Chairman of the Atlantic County Council of Parents and Teachers; Mrs. James C. Parker, President, Michigan Congress; and Mrs. Paul J. Dunn, President, Tennessee Congress.